

MAN

Junior

25.

JULY, 1955

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A DEAD MAN
SAVED HIS
LIFE

— page 14

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EARTHOLOGY



Murder of



a Dancer



"Isn't that the missing dancer I read about?" I asked as the Army Captain's wife walked through the doorway.

**By S. Alexander Cohen
as told to Michael Dubull**

Hired to track down a missing person, I found myself hot on the trail of a killer.

MY name is Dahl, Walter H. Dahl," the poised, handsome young man said, handing me a business card that identified him as an officer of the Pennsylvania Railroad. "I want you to locate someone for me."

That's how it started on that hot summer morning of August 22nd, 1945, a routine beginning not unlike the dozen-odd missing-person cases that drifted into the offices of the Supreme Detective Agency each week. I pulled out a routine missing-persons form and looked up into the frank, unwavering blue eyes of Mr. Dahl. People searching for missing persons usually evidence some distress—but so Mr. Dahl.

He described the subject in considerable detail. Forty years old, dark brown coloring, five-feet in height, weight 150 pounds, hairy beard, invariably went bareheaded, wore brown ties and tan-colored, single-breasted coat. "His name," he said, watching me for a response, "is Solan Ben Harper."

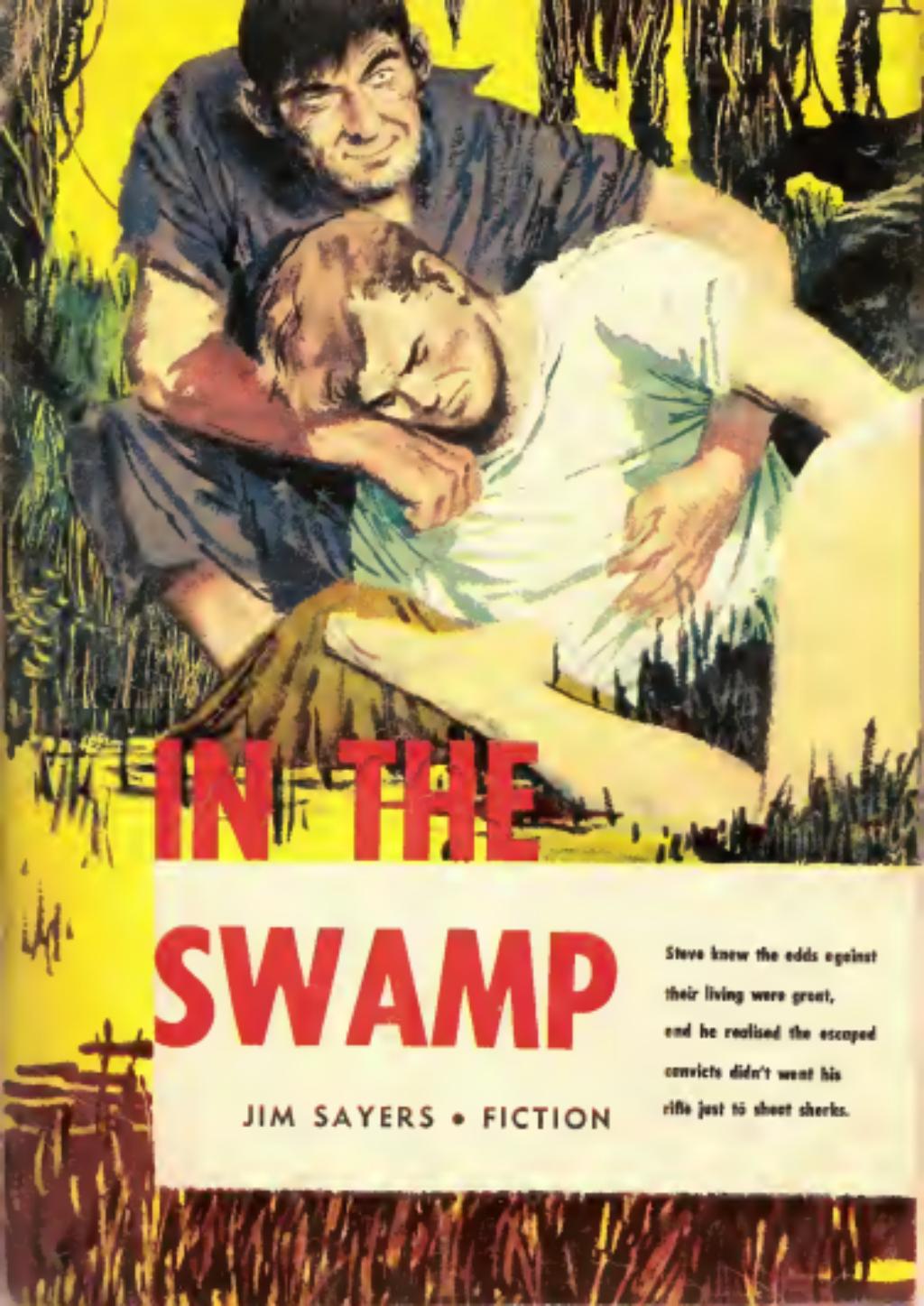
"The well-known ballroom dancer?" I asked. He nodded, then asked me to keep all he told me in strict confidence. I assured him I would. Dahl intimated that his only interest in the one was his concern for Harper's brooding dance partner, Charlotte Mayo, and that his visit to me was on her behalf.

"Mrs. Mayo says Harper left for Washington on August 20th at 3:30 a.m.," he said. "They have a contract to appear at the Belmont Hotel. She prefers a female investigator in order to protect her performance from unfavorable publicity. After all, Harper is a well-known personality."

Before he left, Walter Dahl gave me a list furnished by said, by Charlotte Mayo, of "Junks" to the places Harper usually stayed, plus a return and expense money.

"Harper had been hitting the bottle a little too much . . ." he explained, noting that he expected it was nothing more than a binge. "But," he concluded, smirking as an afterthought, when he was half outside the door. "If you find he has met with some accident, do nothing before you consult me—nothing," he added for emphasis.

Continued on page 66

A painting of a man in a swamp. He is wearing a blue shirt and light-colored pants, and is holding a rifle. He has a determined expression and is looking towards the viewer. The background shows dense, dark foliage and water.

IN THE SWAMP

JIM SAYERS • FICTION

Steve knew the odds against their living were great, and he realised the escaped convicts didn't want his rifle just to shoot sharks.



I STRAIGHTENED up and wiped the rain from my eyes, and listened to a burst of voices from the cabin of the launch. My body of brassy was going around, not as audience. Well, the more they drunk the better it might make them capsule.

Gwen's eyes were dark blue in the dim light of the engine room. They met mine, the fear in them made my stomach tighten. She was towering, too. I glanced out at the threatening sky and watched the daylight world fade.

A gust of wind made the launch shudder. Under all the other sounds came the rumble of the surf pounding the mouth of the creek. Any time now the first squall would hammer the small island. There would be no chance of making the mainland before the cyclone moved in along the coastline.

All morning I had tried to doctor a sick motor with an eye on the barometer. About noon, I felt the launch shudder with a different movement from the usual swing of wind and tide. I stepped out into the main cabin. Gwen came behind me. These faces stared over the side. They were unkempt, unshaven, and dripping water. There was something hungry in the eyes that met mine, then roved past to Gwen, noting over everything in sight, and coming back to Gwen.

Her blue shorts and shirt emphasized the color of her eyes and the golden tan of arms and legs. Her blonde hair fell in waves to her shoulders, and caught the light when she moved.

The three men clashed aboard. Little pools of water dripped off them.

Frederick Catherwood

Their clothes were a faded, dirty grey, their feet were bare. They came from Fiji, the big fellow told me. Jules was his name and he was the only one who spoke a little English. The other two had raped French. Their boat had gone down on the weather side of the island.

We opened our food supply and watched the way they wolfed it down. Then I went back into the engine room, and Gwen went with me.

That was over four hours ago, and things had happened after that. The two leather slings over my bank were empty now. The 385 rifle usually hanging there was up in the stern now, big Jules had it. He said he wanted to shoot at sharks when he walked over and pulled it out. Now I knew I was just one against the three of them and he didn't care about sharks.

There was only one place that they could come from, and it wasn't Fiji. It was the Penal Settlement at New Caledonia, a thousand miles East. A thousand miles in an open boat, with little water and not much food, was newsworthy. It would be a pone worth hearing, and worth passing on, only I wasn't going to pass it on; not from what I'd heard.

It was lucky that when Jules fired his first burst of French at me I just stood there and shook my head. An odd word here and there made sense because I'd learnt French, but that was at school, a long time ago. After that anything Jules said to me was in English, and the others talked mostly in French. I couldn't understand much; they thought I couldn't understand anything.

I was busy on the engine, listening to the talk from the main cabin. A sentence suddenly caught me up. They were discussing out there what they'd do with me, with the boat, and with Gwen. That much I now understood.

In spite of the warmth of the engine room, a cold sweat oozed out all over me. As soon as I got the engine running again, they were putting me overboard with my hands tied and a rope round my ankles. A real drowning job.

I tried to calculate our chances. They were three against one, and they had the rifle. The small island had only one possible living place, the mangrove swamp further along the creek.

The padding sound of bare feet warned of Jules stepping into the room. His dark eyes flicked at Gwen before he turned on me. His figure bulked largely in the small space.

"These engine, she fit?" he queried. I shook my head slowly, watching his disappointment. I gave him a lot of technical stuff about ignition failure, and he listened, saying nothing. He went out and told the others, and I waited for their reaction. It came in a rapid burst that made me realize how tight was the ground we stood on. They were impudent men. "Why walk, they asked. They could take the girl now. What about the

engine, Jules asked. Could they fix that? Did they want to swim to the mainland? In a few more hours it would be all right.

Only this morning Gwen had refused to return to the mainland with my partner and his wife on another launch.

"A wife's place is with her husband," she had jokingly said. "I'll stay with Steve."

There was only one chance, play

for the left bank and I'll be right behind you. O.K.?"

She nodded and lifted her head. Her eyes were dark, but some of the fear had gone. I wondered if she guessed just how bad things were.

Before dark the wind started, light stuff with plenty of wind behind it. The barometer fell steadily. The unbroken murmur of the surf seemed louder. The tides dragged, and slowly the tension built up; you could feel it. Jules kept coming to enquire about the engine, and I promised it would be ready, perhaps, some time after tea.

Every muscle seemed tight as a violin string. I followed Gwen out into the main cabin, and things moved suddenly. The fair one called Pierre suddenly slipped his arms around Gwen as she went to pass him in the narrow space. She turned her head, and I saw the mate appeal and humor in her eyes. Jules gave a sudden warning in rapid French.

Pierre answered, ignoring me altogether. "The flood of waiting. Why worry about him?"

Anger exploded inside me. I stepped close to him, and drove the edge of my hand behind his ear. His fingers gripped and Gwen twisted free.

"Right!" I yelled. As Pierre fell I drove my bare foot under his chin with all the power I could muster, and whirled towards Jules. He stood between us and the steps, and made a grab at Gwen. I hit him low. His hand jerked forward, and I hit him up under his chin with everything I had. He staggered sideways over a bunk.

I followed Gwen up the steps. The third man, Jacques, came to life. The rifle was too far away for him to grab.

It was nearly dark and the night was rainy with rain. The water was warmer than the air. The tide was making strongly, and would help us. I spotted Gwen's head easily. It showed too plainly for comfort. The water seemed alive with life of all sorts. Something whistled and splashed alongside me, and I jerked away.

The mangrove fringe we were swimming for was a vague blur on our left. I swam frantically to close the gap between us. When I reached Gwen she was treading water. I glanced back towards the launch, and saw a torch flicker. The beam swung from side to side over the water, weak and aimless.

"Take a breath and dive for the mangroves. They might start shooting," I gasped.

Gwen's head disappeared. As I went under the strong pull of the tide caught me. I swam until I felt mad under my fingers, and came up gasping, looking for Gwen. Something screamed off the water beside me into the mangroves, and the report came flying down the wind. There was no blonde head against the dark background. A flutter of panic shook me. Was an old man crocodile or gaper on the prowl? The mouth

The Four Brothers

TOM, Dick, Harry and George are brothers. They belong to four different professions. One of them (not Tom) is a solicitor. One (not George) is a schoolmaster. One is an architect and the remaining brother is a doctor. All of them dislike business.

The other day I was discussing golf with the architect. "My schoolmaster brother plays a good game," he said. "He can give Tom a stroke a hole, and Tom is a better player than Dick." Who is the architect?

ANSWER:

Here are the possibilities set out in a table:

Dick	a.	d.	mr.	sir.
Harry	a.	d.	mr.	sir.
George	a.	d.	mr.	—
Tom	a.	d.	—	sir.

But we learn from the conversation with the architect that Tom is neither architect nor schoolmaster. Tom therefore is the doctor. But Dick also (as is evident from the same conversation) is neither schoolmaster nor architect; hence, since Tom is the doctor, Dick is the solicitor.

dark, hid them along until nightfall, then, over the side, with darkness to hide in.

I stepped over and took Gwen in my arms.

"Steve, I'm scared. These men out there—the way they look at me, they frighten me."

She buried her head against my shoulder. The glory and fragrance of her hair was all about me as I held her close. I could feel the frightened pulse of her heart. I whispered softly into her hair.

"Listen. When it gets dark, we'll go out together. Wait for me, don't go out on your own. Move around carefully. When I yell 'Right' jump up on deck and dive overboard. Make



"Well, you certainly prance one thing, Bessie,"
Mrs. Mulligan said.
"Ten shillings doesn't go far these days."

of tidal creeks were favourites with them.

"Gwen, Gwen, where are you?" The wind flung my voice away. Another bullet hit the water and whistled away.

"Steve! Here I am."

I grabbed an overhanging branch and tried to locate the voice. A splash, and Gwen was beside me, her hair a floating halo on the dark water. My arm went around her. From now on we stayed together. I tried to locate the small beach I remembered. From down wind came

softly towards the creek, stamping over roots and holes in the mud. The torch flared a score of yards away. It was porpoising inland, and I heard Gwen catch her breath. We stopped, and I gave her hand a reassuring squeeze.

An argument developed amongst the Freshmen. Somebody wanted to leave the search until daylight; but Julie's stern voice overrode the objection.

Freshmen crawled away over the ridge, leaving the glow of a cigarette to show the boat was guarded. I

over it was kept moving up and down a short distance from the boat.

I crouched on one knee, watching the red spark wax and wane as its owner peered towards me. I came to full draw and loosed at the red glow passed before running. The sudden scream that tore the night brought an echo from further along the ridge.

I tugged at the anchor, freed it, and dropped it into the boat. Gwen was beside me whispering questions that would have to wait. I gave her the bow and pushed off, rowing desperately to gain the shadow of the mangroves before the pounding feet reached the man I'd hit. Behind us the flash and crack of the rifle; the bullet whined away over the creek, and another followed before the creek closed in on us from both sides.

I rested on the oars and let the current carry us along, telling Gwen exactly what had happened. She didn't comment. She reached over and her hand closed on mine. I knew then that she'd known, though she hadn't said just how grim things were. Drifting in the boat, I powdered our east nose. I wanted to repair the launch. If I replaced the motor parts now in my pocket, and got the engine running, we were still prisoners in the creek while the surf was running. Even if they didn't come aboard again under cover of darkness, they could still shoot holes in the hull. It might be better to keep to the open.

The roar came again, driving before heavy gusts of wind. Huddled in the boat, we listened to the roar of wind and water, and watched the tide to prevent being stranded. The men kept the sandflies and mosquitoes away.

Daybreak would bring low water, and trouble. Julie could not afford to leave us behind as witnesses. We left the boat before daylight proper, and found a spot which suited our plan of campagna.

A mangrove swamp is an eerie place even in daylight. The water and mud are full of strange plants and gamblers. Bits of all sorts shroud and everything lives on something else. Bubbles of gas rise out of the mud; the stench is thickening.

There was a sudden sound of soft voices, and then silence. I slipped the bowstring out of my shirt and braced the bow. Placing one shaft on the string, I stuck another one upright in the mud in front of me.

My heart began a muffled thump, reverberating trilled into my eyes, the bow became slippery.

The silence began to worry me. It was only a small swamp. They could have found a way around behind us. They might realize that a boat could be dangerous, with visibility down to a few yards in many places.

The voices came again, much closer. I tensed, arrow on string, rain on the leaves above my head. Splashing, splashing sounds, a crazed curse. Behind me Gwen took a deep breath. I saw a blur of grey through an opening.

Continued on page 22

How To Stop Smoking

ONE of the easiest methods for a person to cure himself of cigarette smoking is to learn to breath properly, according to a professor of psychology at Stanford University, United States.

Heavy smokers are inclined to take short breaths when they haven't got a cigarette in their mouths, he says, and this results in breathlessness and pressure on the chest. This, in turn, causes in many people an uneasiness and anxiety which makes them want another cigarette.

Five-minute breathing exercises carried out 16 times a day for a month had enabled a trial group of heavy smokers to stop smoking without much trouble. The group of 15 persons had been smoking in excess of 50 cigarettes a day and the exercises consisted of taking deep breaths in and out 16 times a minute.

watched the cigarette glow, brighten and fade.

I led the way back to the water. We crouched and crept, forcing our way through the mangroves. The water was warm and black, and we floated silently around the corner. The stern of the boat loomed above us, and we grounded beside it. The gated marched the sand ten yards away. I whispered in Gwen's ear to stay put, and then began to follow the anchor rope up the beach.

The idea, when it came, stopped me. I lay on the wet sand, one hand on the rope, thinking hard. In the boat was a wooden bow, half a dozen fish arrows, and 30 yards of line. I used arrows for shooting fish, stingrays, small sharks and the like. How would the arrows go on a human target? The thought of driving a barbed fish arrow into human flesh was repulsive. But what would Gwen and I get, being baited up a small creek by three men, one with a rifle? This was the chance to reduce the odds by one-third.

I felt over the gunwale, and located the bow and arrows, and detached the fishing normally linking the arrow to the bow.

I began to stalk the red glow of the cigarette tip and scarcely breathed as I crept, crouching in the dark. Who-

a sound like guns squelching in rock-holes. I pushed Gwen ahead. We had to find a way out of the creek; there was too much wild life around for comfort. I couldn't touch bottom. We might be over a big hole, and anything might live in it. Shouts came from down wind, and the splash of oars. We turned towards a white blur, gritty clean sand was under our feet. We staggered ashore and threw ourselves on the sand, breathing great gulps of air and feeling the wind cold on our bodies. The rats had stopped.

It was a small beach all right. After we had caught our breath we moved inland, forced our way through a screen of mangroves, and came out on a sand ridge. Standing there, listening, the roar of the surf came plainly, a background to other noises. Splashes from the creek, and wind in the trees all around. Voices were close, the sudden splash of oars as they turned the boat towards the beach.

I fought down an urge to plunge away over the ridge. I remembered the torch, and how wild she'd show up against the sand. There was the rifle to think of. The creek was the last place they'd expect us to be. We ought to get back there. If they got careless, we might even get the boat. I took Gwen's hand and led her

SEASIDE WEAR INC.
Style by David Hockney





When the native priest called down
a powerful curse

Vengeance of the Shark God

WILMON MENARD • FACT



We watched as the shark crept forward closer to the dead body.

on *The Ghoul* he knew that the great white shark would exact a terrible retribution.

I HEARD of the death of Professor Pierre Villiers walk waiting in Papeete, Tahiti, for the inter-island schooner to take me to my new trading-post on the atoll of Tureia; it is the Tuamotu or Dangerous Islands. The details were meager. The French curio had been struck down in the village of Matavai, Tahiti Island, far south of Tahiti.

Villiers was sitting at a table on his veranda, inspecting by lamp-light some of the small stone idols he had found on the nearby isle of Rurutu, when the killer crept stealthily up the beach, climbed noiselessly over the veranda railing and lunged up behind him to deliver the deadly strike.

Although Villiers did not die immediately and had brief moments until he expired of multiple skull fractures before down, he could not identify his attacker. He had heard a slight movement behind him a second before

something crashed down on his skull, but was unable to whirl to get a look at the man.

Villiers' money, watch, ring and priceless collection of Polynesian antiquities had been stolen. His collection was the result of a two-year arduous voyage among the islands of Eastern Polynesia. Several natives of Tahiti and adjoining islands were questioned by the local authorities, but all could furnish definite proof of their whereabouts at the hour of the murder.

For the most part, the villagers, whose minds are still influenced by superstition, were steadfast in their belief that the fatigued French professor had been punished by one of their many evil demons of the darkness, because he had desecrated sacred places to gather his artifacts of Polynesian lore. But it was apparent that something more tangible than a vengeful ghost had attacked Villiers.

I am positive that if his death had taken place in a modern city of America or Europe the murderer would have been in custody within 24 hours.

He had left behind a trail a mile wide. There were many small clues, any one of which a modern criminologist could have applied to trap the killer.

The death instrument, a heavy bar of iron, was found on the beach, covered with fresh imprints of the murderer's hand. His footprints of sneakers were found in the soft sand below the veranda.

Communication is difficult in the islands without wireless, the only means of transportation and transmission of messages being by slow (dead) schooners that are dependent upon the fickle winds and their economy defensive auxiliary engines to reach island ports. By the time word could be received in Tahiti, the central isle

of administration of French Oceania, the murderer could be thousands of miles away and all clues obliterated.

I had been severely shocked to hear of Villiers' death. I had met him in Tae O Hine, Nuku Hiva, of the Marquesas Group, a year before. He was a pleasant-faced Frenchman and it was hard to believe that someone could hate him enough to exterminate.

He had come to the Marquesas aboard a *Messageries Maritimes* steamer on its way back to Marseilles, France, to study Marquesan ethnology and to collect some relics of the ancient ways.

I had quarralled him in the trading store, and was well repaid by the courtesy through his entertaining con-

cise skipper of the schooner *Mariama* who was long in the face. "It is a coral island," he said gloomily.

We were standing in the bow, shading our eyes to sight better the low coral atoll which we were fast approaching. "The natives believe in ghosts and death-curses, and they have a big white shark at their god," he added, with a venom shake of his head.

I found within a week that the natives of Tuamotu were, far from the way general opinion had it, an infatuated and gross race. At the end of those months I had a large consignment of copra and pearl shell for the trading company and it was sure to surprise and impress them. Al-

the lagoon and anchored off the coral strand. It was the *Viviane*, on her way back to Tahiti from the Gambier Islands. When the schooner left at noon the next day, I was the unwilling host to the ugly monster, the "Ghoul." His real name was Taro Maheva.

I apply the word *monster* to the man because it describes appropriately his physical and mental characteristics. Never had I been compelled to look upon a countenance so startlingly sinister and loathsome as human expression is to the one that faced me across the table of sandstone. His native and white blood had diabolically fused to produce the most objectionable type of half-caste Polynesian.

The Tuamotu, quick to apply a descriptive name to a newcomer, called him "Uru-mata," or "Dog-man."

The skipper of the schooner had told me sufficient about his presence here in Dangerous Isles to convince me that he was up to no good. In spite of the words, he had stolen tape-covered mementos of the pages of the Tuamotuan ruler, TU. He ruthlessly invaded sealed, cord-twine stone Marae temple, dragging out initiate members of the ancient society and leaving quickly before the natives were aware of the great sacrilege.

Two weeks after the Ghoul had arrived on the staff, I was strolling along the beach in front of the native village, when Rauarafa, the island chief, stuck his head from the door of his hut and hailed me. Maheva, the high priest, was in conference with him, and when I entered his palm-leaf structure I could see by the expressions on their faces that they had been discussing a subject of grave importance.

"Good friend, we wish to talk with you about the Dog-man," the chief began in a solemn voice. "The Tuamotuan sailors on the schooner told my people what that man has been doing to other islands of the Tuamotus. Now, my people tell me that they have seen big searching among the sealed crypts of our dead. They have asked Maheva and myself to have you speak with this wicked man and warn him not to attempt such shameful acts on Tuamotu."

"Last night," interrupted Maheva in his high-pitched, quavering voice, "in my sleepless toro, seething bowl of scared sea-waiter! I saw the face of this Uri-taua, and it was like that of the Amurans (transpacific). Oh, Good Friend, there is the odour of the pupuans (dead) about him! Cast him out as you would a leprosy patient!"

The Ghoul remained in the late afternoon of that day from his customary tour of the staff. He was lumbering up the steps of the trading-store, when I hurried out of the copra warehouse and interrupted him.

"The people here are a little upset about your prowling around in their sacred burial grounds," I said quizzically.

The Ghoul had none of the superstitious characteristics of the Poly-

4,000 Years Old And Still Growing

GREATEST circumstances of any known tree belongs to a chestnut on the island of Sicily. Scared by fire but still living, the great girth of this tree that has survived earthquakes and disaster since the days of the Romans and Phoenicians is 198 feet. Although its age has not been ascertained, experts say it must be nearly as ancient as some of the great sequoias of America. One colossal sequoia is listed with 4,000 years behind it. It is known as the General Sherman, with a girth of over 100 feet and a height of 272 feet. It grows almost without taper to the first branch, which is seven feet in diameter. General Sherman is still full of vitality and continues to grow.

The tallest sequoia or redwood now living and the tallest of all the world's known trees, is the Fremont's Tree. It towers 366 feet in the Humboldt State National Park of California. Its girth is 47 feet.

Great redwoods bear seeds to keep growing unless destroyed by fire or lightning. If they could be protected from these factors, some of these immense trees would defy the ravages of time for 10,000 years.

pany. He had a brilliant mind and a ready wit. He was financing his scientific trip through the islands of French Oceania, for the sole purpose of making a collection of little-known Polynesian antiquities. He showed me some of these articles. He had more than paid for his trip to the islands with just one of the pieces.

When my schooner arrived in Papeete to take me to Tuamotu Atoll, the excitement over Villiers' murder had abated. As it was, the news was two months old before reaching Tahiti. Apart from casual reference by some old residents of the islands and the comments by the natives that the curser had been struck down by an evil demon, the incident was forgotten.

Little did I realize that morning when the palms of the staff of Tuamotu rose out of the blue South Pacific that this small coral island was to be another setting of violence and death. My mind was occupied only with plans for getting the trading-post in shape, and how I would be received by the primitive Tuamotu. The half-

though at first I had been received suspiciously and coldly by the Tuamotu I gradually won them over.

The Great White Shark, to whom, at the slightest provocation, they chanted and drummed on tam-toms so enthusiastically, I imagined to be only the appropriate symbol of worship by a sturdy race who had lived for centuries close to the sea, and, as known students of marine life, had naturally selected one of the most voracious monsters of the ocean—the Carcharodon alien-shark. Although most of their ceremonial life revolved around the great stone shark god in the marae, or temple, in the centre of the village, I never expected to see its living prototype. I am quite sure I never would have, if The Ghoul hadn't come to Tuamotu.

The "Ghoul" I had known before coming to Tuamotu, I remembered him as a jester and a drunkard of the Peponies island. He was a half-caste and had seemingly acquired all the worst traits of both the white man and the native.

One morning a schooner came into



"Malnutrition? How long has he been here?"



"I've lost over five pounds."

season. He had, in his youth, shipped as a seaman aboard a tramp-steamer. He had lived in the waterfront districts of world-wide ports, acquiring all the world evils of these vicious cities.

"Tell them to go to the devil!" he muttered.

In a sharp voice, I said: "I'll have to ask you not to violate any of the strict laws of these people. The natives hold me responsible for your behaviour on this ship, and as their friend and trader I have a double-fold reason for insisting that you don't desecrate any of the burial crypts on Tarsia."

"I'm not looking for any skeletons buried on this island!" he yelled wrathfully, pushing his abhorrent face close to mine. "I happen to know there are some underwater caves on the inner side of the coral reefs here where the natives have buried skeletons hidden there dead. I don't think they'd care if I took a few memento."

I shook my head. "You know as well as I that Tarsia happens to be one of the Dangerous Archipelago that has never been deserted by its original people in the corals and pearl-shell migration. Any interloper on or under Tarsia is the ancestor of one of several of the fine-hulled natives living here to-day."

"My silent friend in Tahiti is giving me well to bring him back some good skeletons," the Ghoul said. "And I need the money," he added with a sly finality.

That same day at sunset I was taking a walk along the beach when The Ghoul came out of the shore and turned down the coral strand toward me.

"Look here now, Miserad," he said, "I'm willing to split the money I'll get for memento if you'll find out where they are. What do you say?"

I gave him a cold, steady look.

"You're not taking any account dead from Tarsia," I said slyly. "And whether you like it or not you're leaving that skull on the next schooner. I'll be here on about ten days."

"Little to god here, huh?" The Ghoul assured. "Well, I'll find those skeletons myself!"

"I wouldn't be too sure about that," I said.

The Ghoul was working against time because he knew the schooner always came at its scheduled time. He was up at the crack of dawn, scooping the reefs and lagoon until dark. Returning to the shore to sleep, he drank heavily. With savage curses he stomped about in his room, occasionally crashing his huge fist against the walls in unbridled violence and frustration.

While I was working over my copra, nervous one night, The Ghoul came out of his room. He moved across to the chair in front of me and sat down heavily. I felt his bloodshot eyes watching me closely, but I did not look at him to acknowledge his presence.

"I'm willing to give you some cash in advance if you'll help me get some diamonds," he said in a friendly voice.

"There's not enough money in the world to buy off the native's reverence for their ancestors or their friendship with me," I replied calmly.

"Oh, to hell with them! Once I'm away from here with a skeleton or two they'll forget all about it!"

"You're quite wrong there," I corrected him. "They'd hold me to blame for any violation you made against their honoured dead."

"Come on, how much do you want?" he yelled. "You're a trader and you've got a price!"

"As a trader with a conscience I can only say, Damn you! Now clear out of here! I'm busy!"

I gave my attention to the ledger again. A few seconds later, a perception of danger caused me to raise my eyes suddenly. The Ghoul was still opposite me but now, as I stared at him, he began to rise slowly out of the chair. In his right hand was a rim-bottle which he no doubt intended to use as a bludgeon.

"You'd better put that down," I remarked coolly. "If you don't want to feel a fish-spear bury itself in your back!" I gestured toward the verandah where my assistant Moji was fanning in the doorway. A long, barbed-tooth lance was in his hand.

The Ghoul turned slowly around, saw the waiting Moji and then gland down at me in helpless fury. He was breathing heavily and the thick cords of his neck were throbbing violently as he restrained himself with great effort. Then, without looking at me or Moji again, he banged the bottle down hard on the table and shuffled into his room, muttering.

You possibly wonder why I permitted such a dangerous man to share my quarters. My only excuse was that I did not particularly care to have anyone slaughtered on an island where I traded.

I knew that if I insisted he move into a native hut somewhere along the beach, the Tarens would lose no time in decapitating him in his sleep. I realized that his murder would call for a lengthy investigation by the authorities. It would eventually result in a severe fine for the entire village and severe punishment for those who carried out the deed. This I wanted to spare the kindly savages of Tarsia. I was determined against all odds to protect them against the infliction of penalties which such an act would entail, justified though it was. While he was under my roof no native, by tribal custom, would molest him physically, unless in defence of their own life or estate.

The demeanor of the Tarens since the Ghoul's arrival had slowly altered. It was an unshapely change. They no longer laughed, sang or clowned while making copra or driving for pearl shell. These usually cheerful countenances had now become stern and morose. As the long South Pacific days and nights passed tamely, The Ghoul's presence on the stool had

becomes more and more like an steady pestilence.

If the schooner had arrived at its expected time it would have averted the ghoul's visitation which occurred during the five days it was delayed at Fukuroku Atoll, where its rubber was being repaired.

The Ghoul had silently packed his belongings, and was resigned to leaving Taro empty-handed. He knew if he showed any reluctance in departing, there were many body-sauces who would delight in the privilege of tossing him bodily aboard the schooner. The day the trading-boat was scheduled to arrive he made one last effort to obtain a mammy. He tried to bribe a pearl diver, but the outraged Tuanang angrily pushed him into the lagoon.

When the day passed without a sign of the schooner The Ghoul joined it not.

"Wouldn't it be funny if that schooner has hit a reef and sunk? Then I'd have plenty of time to look for skeletons, wouldn't I?"

"If that has happened, you'll have to navigate a sailing canoe back to Tahiti," I advised him. "I'm giving you just one week longer on this atoll, schooner or no schooner."

The Ghoul spent more time in his frenzied lass for minutes knowing full well that he was now working against precious time. I didn't think he would be successful. But I was wrong.

Later in the afternoon of the fifth day, while I was impatiently awaiting the schooner's arrival, I suddenly heard The Ghoul running fast in the grove beyond the trading-post. He stumbled violently coming up the verandah steps. When he came through the store he was lumbering unceasingly as if finishing a marlinspike race.

He paused briefly with a sluggish movement when he came around my desk. He was grinning sardonically. He gave me a wild, ferocious glare, then he staggered on, gibbering. But there was something dangling from his right hand. A wooden turpentine stick, filled with bulbous objects, which at the jutting angles of his heavy footfalls gave forth hollow, rattling sounds!

"What have you got there?" I yelled, rising and hurrying around to bar his way.

But before I could reach him he had lunged into his room and slammed the door, bolting it.

I lost no time in going down to see Maekawa and Ranefta. While trotting through the native village to the witch-doctor's dwelling, I saw that the natives were squatting silently before their huts, and they received my hurried greetings with stolid nods. I found the witch-doctor and Ranefta in the Manmo-tahatua (Temple of Serenity). When I rushed suddenly in, Ranefta bailed my rush of words with a stern gesture of his hand.

"Save your futile words," he said

quietly. "We know that the Dog-Man has found the mace and has taken one of my ancestors."

"What are you going to do?"

"There is very little we can do now," the chief replied sadly. "Unfortunately, he has sanctuary in your house. Under ancient law we cannot violate that taboo. If you were not our good friend we would seize him immediately and put him to death."

"The Great Shark God, Haumako, will punish him for his crimes," Maekawa cried, drumming on an ornate chest with his bony fist.

"Look! Even now I prepare the puia (ceremony) for the Dog-Man."

The puia was the torturing rite

which witch-doctors of the atolls have

practiced for centuries against their enemies.

Maekawa reached over with his two hands and removed the stone cover of the huge coral bowl that was buried in the black coral sand in front of him. It was the forefinger, or holder-of-ananswered-prayer possession, and scattered in the smooth bottom I saw a wisp of black hair, a nail prong, a piece of diamond-stitch, a garnet bolt and trinkets of food. He was in the act of replacing the cover when his blood-dissolved eyes darted over my shoulder and fixed themselves on an object behind me.

"The White Shark God has answered!" he whispered森然. "He will come to Taro."

Continued on page 40



"For the last time, 'No you can't go out and play cards with the boys!'"

The drew me a tape measure. "Deck for yourself, Mr. Arthur!" She stepped towards me, raised her arms, and breathed in slightly.



HART
JAMES

Is that you, Nina? . . .

By PETER WILLIAMS • FICTION

Vital statistics are fascinating—especially statistics about dances on the hoof!

"Thirty-seven, twenty-four, thirty-six . . ." I muttered softly to myself as I put the letter down. "No wonder Nina Spencer thinks she should be a prospect for front line chorus."

The letter was from Bill Downey, an investigator in the South. He had an assignment to locate Nina Spencer, aged twenty-three, slim enough to a broncotic, who hoped to make the big-time on the stage.

"Apparently," Bill Downey had written, "she has the idea she looks good in black mesh stockings. Her folks haven't heard from her for about a month. She is, of course, headed for an engagement at the Matador nightclubs. Check for me, send me the details and the best, and I'll take it off what you owe me for the job I did for you last year."

The postscript to the letter said Bill would send a photo of Nina Spencer as soon as he could.

"Thirty-seven, twenty-four, thirty-six . . . likes to wear black mesh stockings . . ."

I mumbled it. I visualized it.

A telephone call to the Matador might clear up the enigma, but there were times when I felt an urge to be

conversations about my work. The figures in the letter suggested a certain silhouette.

I was half-way to the door when somebody knocked. I tossed my hat back on the peg, and opened the door.

"Mr. Ray Norton?" he asked.

He was about sixty, well-dressed, cold-eyed. The man just behind him looked slightly younger, and gave me the same impression of cold, impersonal efficiency.

"Please come in," I said.

They came in. I fixed chairs, arranged a few papers neatly, and waited.

The older man spoke. "I understand you are the only full-time private investigator in town."

"Yes, that is so, Mr. . . .?"

"My name is David C. Johnson. This is Mr. Neville Timbrell. I am from the Permanent Trustee Company, and Mr. Timbrell represents certain large charitable organizations. We have a problem. We hope you can help us."

"I'll certainly consider what I can do for you, Mr. Johnson."

"It's only a matter of fees, Mr. Norton. I don't think you'll have to worry."

I doodled idly with a pencil, an exercise that would have fascinated Freud.

"Normally, Mr. Johnson, my fees are five pounds a day, plus expenses. It depends on the job whether they are higher than that."

He nodded, and began to talk. I stopped doodling. Brother! This was big!

"A few days ago," he began, "there was newspaper reports about the drowning of a Miss Linda Blake."

"I remember," I said. "She was going to inherit a lot of money from her uncle's estate . . . old man Welles?"

Elder F. Welles was one of the state's richest men, and his harness' death had been news.

"Under certain circumstances, Miss Blake would have inherited more than a quarter of a million pounds in nine years' time—when she reached the age of thirty," Johnson said.

"I read about it. Welles believed young people couldn't handle money, and made the proviso that she could not get the money until she had—at least—reached a sensible age."

There were a million reasons why
Nina disappeared on her way to
the front line chorus in the Big
Smoke—reasons that were crisp,
shiny and very negotiable.

"My company has the task of administering the late Mr. Welles' estate. He will provide that Miss Blake is, or was, involved in any scandal, the company can at its discretion hand over the money to certain charitable organizations, instead of to Miss Linda Blake." The water said.

I nodded slowly. "And that's why Mr. Timbrell is here? You think she may have been involved in some scandal?"

"I'm not saying that, Mr. Norton."

"But Miss Linda Blake is dead. What happens to the money?"

"She made a will, leaving her assets to the man she intended to marry, Lionel K. Marcus. My company thinks—after our legal representatives have studied the law Mr. Welles will—we should pay the money to Mr. Marcus. But a certain development has aroused some thought."

His voice trailed away, but Mr. Neville P. Timbrell leaned forward.

"Mr. Norton, I can say that the charitable organizations I represent are interested in this will naturally enough. The money now either goes to Mr. Marcus, or to charity. You will recall, perhaps, that Miss Blake had been meeting with Mr. Luke Toliento, and, if you will permit me to say so, Mr. Toliento isn't entirely accepted in our community."

Luke Toliento not accepted in the community? That depended on which section of the community you meant. Luke Toliento was an ice-cream man, but nobody had ever pinched a cup on him. He was smart, for sure, and was probably wired into connections where they mattered most.

I remember the news. Miss Blake had been in Luke Toliento's pleasure cruiser. A storm sprang up, and the boat sank. Toliento was picked up by a fishing boat. The girl's body was later washed ashore. The clothes remaining on the body were identified as clothes made for Miss Blake. And Marcus had identified an inscribed wristwatch, found on the debris, as a gift he had given Miss Blake. The body itself had been in fairly bad shape.

"What about the police?" I asked.

Timbrell said, "The commissioner is a friend of mine—well, of course, of Mr. Johnson's. He has checked the reports of his investigating officers. The reports do not suggest there is anything wrong."

There was a pause, I sipped up. "So Miss Blake is friendly with Luke Toliento, who is thought to be a racketeer, although nothing has been proved against him. She's engaged to Lionel Marcus, who is a city businessman, and favoured by her will. She is drowned, and so her inheritance goes to Marcus. Do you think Toliento and Marcus, between them, planned to murder Miss Blake?"

"We don't know," Johnson said dryly. "Toliento was lucky to get out of the boating tragedy alive. He was nearly dead when they rescued him."

"I take it then, gentlemen, I need what you want me to find out if there was any scandal associated with Miss Blake's life . . . or, at least, why and how she was mixed up with Luke Toliento."

"That is so, Mr. Norton."

When my visitors had gone, I lit a cigarette and poured myself a drink. I needed a drink. Luke Toliento was tough. Luke Toliento also owned the Matador Nightclub, where the missing Miss Spencer was reported to be working.

I went over the angles. Miss Spencer arrived in town to work for Luke Toliento, and now was thought to be missing. Linda Blake, however, went boozing with Luke . . . and was drowned.

I could have been wrong, but it looked as if it were bad luck for a girl to get mixed up with Luke.

I dialed Wally Kent's number. Perhaps Wally, columnist for "The Citizen," might know a thing or two . . .

"Linda," he said, "boy, she was the goods. About twenty-one, tanned out a bathing outfit the way guys like 'em filled out. She'd been a blonde, a redhead, a brunette . . . you know, some dames . . ."

"How come she had anything to do with Luke Toliento?"

"I've seen her round gambling joints, and Luke has an interest in slot machines in this town, I guess. Maybe they saw each other here and there. I'd say she lost pretty heavily, when she gamblin'."

"Ever heard of Nina Spencer, doing an act for Toliento, at the Matador?"

"Nina? Sure . . . a sultry chick who does the best for black mesh stockings blonde lad. Oh, boy!"

"Blonde?" She was described to me as a blonde."

"Nothing is as terrible as the colour of a woman's hair," he said.

"Who would know anything about Nina, Wally . . . that is, apart from Toliento?"

"She didn't stay long at the Matador, and didn't get noticed much, either. There's old Mrs. Dolancy. She works at a kind of a wardrobe mistress, helping the girls at the Matador get ready for their acts."

I evaded the question.

Outside I glanced at my sweep-watch. It was nearly five. I caught a cab, went round to the Matador. There was a good chance that Toliento would be there, as preparations for the night would be starting.

A character, who looked like a tom-pot, looked me over.

His voice had a slight raspy tone, "Ray Norton . . . I'm an investigator."

"Stay here, Norton. Don't move!"

I took a hit as well as most guys. I stood where I was. He used a telephone, then said "Come on!"

We went up a carpeted staircase, along a passage. He opened a door and grunted. "Okay. Miss—here's Norton."

Luke sat at the desk. He looked

about medium height, dark hair, greyish at the temples, brushed back. He had a single-breasted grey suit that cost more than I earn in a month. An easy smile gleamed in the blood wood.

He said, "Sit down, Norton. What's it about?"

I sat down opposite him. His soft hands, with manicured nails, rested on the edge of the desk. His eyes bored into me. It was my turn to bat.

"I had an enquiry about a dame, Miss Spencer. Her dark hair was worn about her. She left home . . . hasn't written for some time. An investigator, Bill Downey, found out she had been here, had a job at the Matador. He asked me to check."

There was a pause—a long one. I fumbled in my pocket, found a cigarette, handed the pack to Toliento, who shook his head.

"Miss Spencer was here, Norton. She was talking about going farther. Then she quit. Do you know what she looks like? You got a photograph?"

"No, just a description. She's around five feet six, but like Jane Russell . . . a blonde."

"That's her, except I didn't like her hair when she arrived. She's now a blonde. Looks better under lights. Wait here . . . I'll see if I can check . . . for you."

He went to the office. I wondered why he didn't use the telephone. He came back, and he seemed almost affable, now.

"I think Nina has been slightly ill . . . or something, but it's nothing much. She's still in town, or was, yesterday. Here's her address."

He scribbled a note. "Suite 7A, The Roxbury, East Seventy-Third, Red Hill."

"It wasn't the most expensive area in town, but it was like living better than where I live."

"Thanks, Mr. Toliento. I'll see her. I'll be able to tell her folks she is okay. By the way, Mr. Toliento," I added, "weren't you nearly drowned the other day. There was something in the papers about it?"

His eyes narrowed. "Go on, Mr. Norton. Are you interested?"

I said. "It was front page, that's all . . . you look okay. It must've been bright."

He nodded, very slowly. "Life can be tough—and very short, Mr. Norton."

There was no friendly warmth in his voice.

"Sure, sure," I muttered. I picked up my hat. "Thank you for your help, Mr. Toliento."

I moved to the door, his eyes following me. The torpedo was waiting just down the passage. He escorted me to the front door. I went home, ate, showered, and went round to the parking lot for my Chev. It was after eight when I arrived at Red Hill and located the Roxbury apartments.

I stepped out of the elevator at the seventh floor, found the apartment



"Who? . . . Are you sure you have the right number, Madam?"

and leaned on the banner. I was about to press again, when the door opened.

Her off-the-shoulder frock, black, long on round the curves. She smiled, slightly, her wide red lips opening just enough to reveal small white teeth.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Nina Spencer," I started.

"You've come to the right place . . . what do you want?"

The words were slow, the voice broken, the slight smile did things to my spirit.

"My name is Norton. Your family, they're worried because they haven't heard from you recently."

She nodded slowly and unanswered. . . . of course. Would you come in, please?"

Ever since I sat at the zoo refresher fish at feeding time? I went in. The place was comfortable, in an expensive way. I sat on the very hole lounge.

"Take a drink, Mr. Norton?"

I nodded. After all, I've got a mouth.

She bent down, near to me, to fix the drinks. I gulped a little, and tried to look away. She stopped me the Scotch, sat down, crossed her legs.

"Cheers, Mr. Norton." She raised her glass, drank a little. "Now I know you can write to whoever wrote to you, and say I'm okay. You're lucky to catch me. I'm leaving town, soon."

I didn't answer. I had the impression her brain was working—fast!

"Any questions, Mr. Norton?" I'd like you to be satisfied."

"I'm just trying to check you against the description given to me. Your hair was supposed to be brown."

"Sure . . . I was a blonde, now. I'm a blonde. Her dye has come to stay . . . in my bureau, being a blonde helps."

"I was told you were round the feet six inches, and your measurements were thirty-seven, twenty-four, and thirty-four."

Her eyebrows flickered a little as she stood up. She went into another room that could have been a bedroom, and came back. She threw me a tape measure.

"Check for yourself, Mr. Norton!"

She stepped toward me, raised her arms, and brushed in slightly. The frock strained at the seams.

"Ready, Mr. Norton?"

Half! A guy has to do his job. I stood up, and stretched the tape-measure round her. I finally made out the figures.

"Okay?" she asked.

"I give us, unless I've made a mistake."

I checked the other measurements twenty-four, thirty-six. They talked. I dropped the tape to the carpet.

"Terrible!" she moaned.

"Not quite . . . I think."

Her lips pouted me. "You are thinking of something, Mr. Norton?"

Nina Spencer was quite a dame. She told me she had quarreled with Luke Taforno, but had stayed on in town until she had found up a job elsewhere. She hoped to clinch another job any moment, and had her bags just about packed ready to move. She hadn't tried to tell her folks the job at the Matador hadn't lasted . . . and she had just not written home.

It was after midnight when I got back to my car, struggled into bed, and went to sleep. By this in the morning I had showered, shaved, had bunches of hot black coffee and bacon, and was trying to sort things out.

When I had started asking questions about Luke Taforno and the Matador, she had started kissing me. That was all right, but it scared me to tell any news name.

I supposed I could send a telegram to Bill Dosey, saying I'd located Nina, and that all was well. But if I let the situation drag a little, expenses could increase, and I'd have to take more off the bill I owed her.

That was one angle. But, also, I was seeing red warning lights.

Maybe I'd have better luck talking to Marvin than I had entering to Taforno. Then I had entering to Taforno, I went over the angles again. Wally Kent of "The Chinese" had mentioned a Mrs. Delaney, who helped the girls at the Matador dress for their acts. I could look her up. I checked her address, got the coordinates out, and headed racing to see Mrs. Delaney.

I told Mrs. Delaney who I was, and I was requiring about Mrs. Nina Spencer.

"Nina? She didn't stay very long," Mrs. Delaney said. In conversation she and Nina went out a couple of times with Mr. Taforno. That was about all.

"Do you know if she had any friends? Boy friends, for instance?"

"No . . . funny, isn't it? A very attractive girl, like that. I never saw her with any friends. Mr. Delaney took an interest in her. She mentioned she had been out with him . . . a couple of times she went to his pleasure cruiser. She was very keen to get press in the theater. I think Mr. Taforno told her he would try and get her engagements in other nightspots, and introductions to theatrical people."

"Was the lead of Mr. Taforno?"

"I don't think so. She was in a strange city, and he was kind to her."

"Did she drink at all?"

"Drink . . . I don't know, for sure, but I don't think so."

I nodded, slowly. When I had been with Nina the previous night the dealer had refused to drink.

"From what you say of Mrs. Spencer, would you say she liked men . . . that is . . ." I hesitated slightly. "To be blunt, Mrs. Delaney, do you think she would be, say, inclined to those herself at a road, especially the first time she sees him?"

"Mr. Norton! It's obvious you have never met Nina. She just wasn't a girl like that. She wasn't shy . . . but she was reserved. I always said Nina Spencer was a very, very nice girl!"

I thought of my meeting the previous night with Nina, and wondered.

"Well, thank you, Mrs. Delaney for your help."

She was still standing on the edge of the veranda as I started the Chevy. I ignored the engine, cranked back the throttle, and cruised down the street. I crossed the next intersection, and from round the corner came a black sedan.

I stopped on the black-tile. The Chevy coughed a little, picked up speed. So did the car behind me. And then the rear driver stepped the throttle down, and the hopped-up car drew alongside. Two men were in the front seat. The one nearest me was holding a partly concealed sub-machinegun. The barrel pointed across the edge of the window.

He snapped, "Pull up, Norton—or you'll see a blast."

I stopped. The car stopped alongside me. The hood with the gas pot out. The gas was under his coat. He didn't make any great efforts to conceal it. He flung open the rear door of the Chevy, and, matter-of-fact: "Start driving, Norton — go where I tell you to drive."

Half an hour later we stopped in a warehouse warehouse area. A few trucks were about, but the drivers weren't interested in a couple of cars that had stopped. The driver opened a warehouse side-door, and led the way in. Once inside, while the sub-machinegun pressed into my spine, he turned and pulled my .38 out of my shoulder holster.

I was shoved into a room.

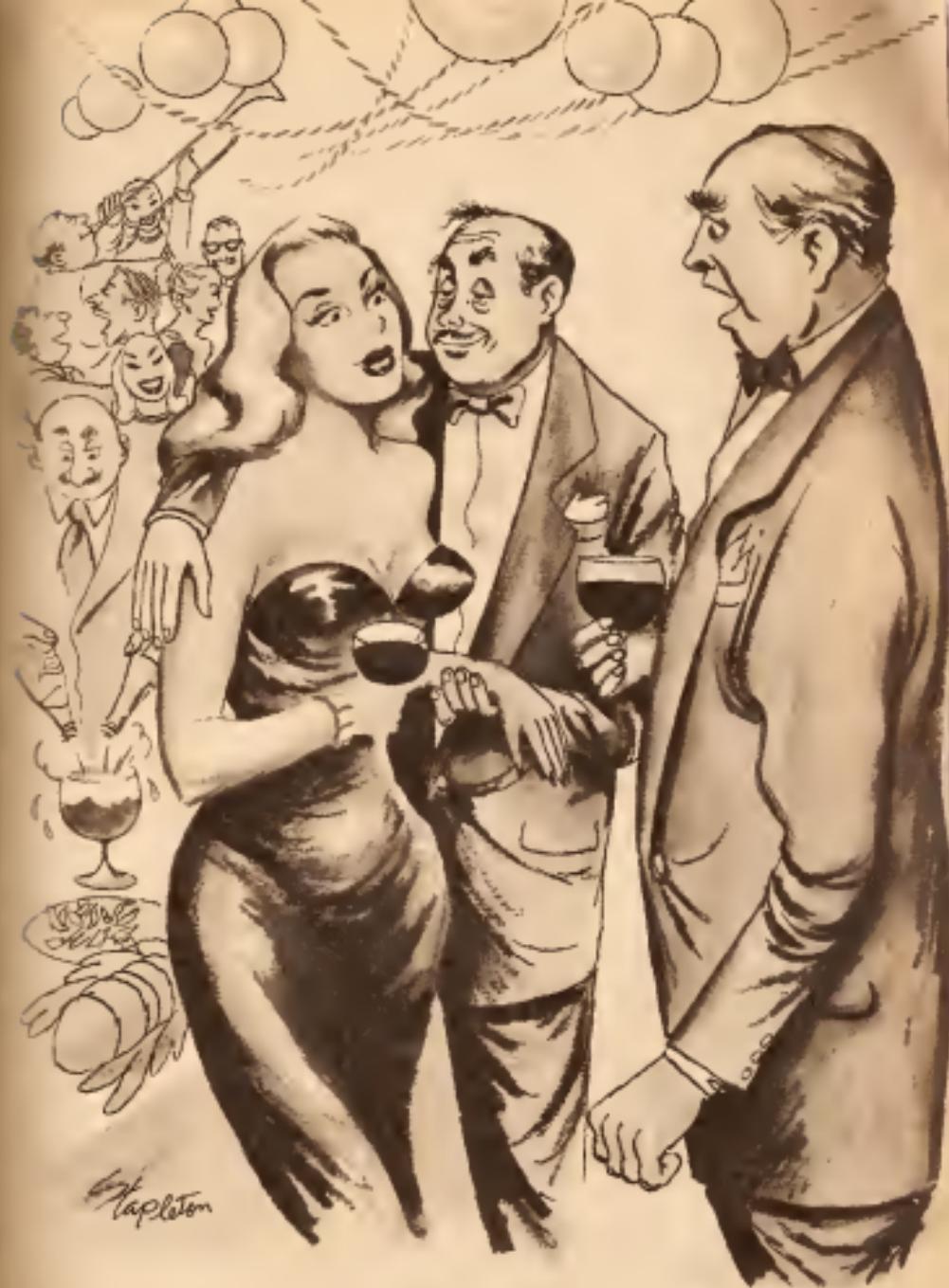
"Sit on that chair," said the gentle with the gun. I sat. I eyed the gun over. They were typical machine-guns, but at the moment they were holding an axe-hilted hand . . . in the shape of the machine-guns.

The hood who had driven the car left the room, and the guard with the gun turned slightly to move back to an unoccupied box.

I sprung . . . pressing on the balls of my feet with every intent to gain impetus. My hand just touched the barrel of the gun, as he squeezed the trigger. The breath of the slug passed close to my ear. I felt the barrel hit in my left hand. My right clamped with a vicious short right, and he staggered slightly, the gun tight-end on the gun.

The door opened, and the other hood had a gun in his hand. He saw the fight and fired as I moved the machine-guns holder round. He screamed as the slug hit into his back. I released my grip on the gun-barrel and pushed hard at the hood as the door jumped forward. The two heads collided heavily, sounding.

I was in some kind of a passage. The building seemed deserted. I reached the end of the passage, and started bounding up the stairs as the door closed again. One by the wall just above my head, shadowing me with ancient plumes. My lungs heaved as I tried to increase my speed.



"There's a crumb on your shoulder. Will you brush it off or shall I?"

I stood up, prodded a card. He shifted the newspaper from his hand, got it under his arm to take the card.

"Rag Norton . . . private investigator?" I said. "You wish to talk to me—please come this way. McCallie Closed, you may go to lunch, now!"

"But, Maureen Marcus, I tell you before, I eat the sandwiches, the fruit, drink the milk in the office."

"Well, go shopping," he snapped. "Go anywhere. Have the afternoon off."

She shrugged. "Out . . ." I felt her eyes on me as I followed Marcus past her, and into his office. I closed the door behind me.

"Please sit down, Mr. Norton."

I sat down. Doctor Marcus fidgeted at his desk. Then he walked across the room, opened the door, obviously checking that Yvonne Gislaad had gone. He returned to the desk, opened a drawer, produced a pack of cigarettes, lit one, handed me the pack, lit it up, smoking in smoke, and waited.

He picked up the afternoon paper, "The Clarion." I had a sinking feeling, knowing the columnist, Wally Koot. He handed me the paper. And there it was . . . the first item:

"Watch this column for developments. At the moment all we can say is that a certain shamus in town has been retained to check on a certain inheritance, and there's more than spending money at stake. Before the inquiry is finished, don't be surprised if you hear many well-known names mentioned. Enough, now!"

My pal—Wally Koot! The sneaking rat!

I threw the paper on the desk. Marcus watched me closely.

"What do you want to know about Miss Springer?" he said. "Have you seen that paragraph?"

"The boss told Miss Springer might have known you. There is a report she is raising. Your personal secretary, McCallie Gislaad, knows nothing about her."

"I don't know what you're talking about when you talk about a Miss Springer. But I was interested in Miss Blake. In fact . . . we were to be married. Judging by that paragraph, and the fact that you are in my office, you are interested in me."

"Should I be . . ." The death of Mrs Linda Blake seems to have been explained. She went boating with Luke Talento. A fishing boat was nearby, when the cruiser sank, to rescue Luke—but not Linda. You identified the body, neatly through a wrist-watch you had given to Miss Blake. And there was a slight scar on her leg. You remembered the scar."

He licked his lips, quickly, and leaned forward slightly.

"You're thinking something she happened . . . consider?"

"I'm not thinking anything. I'm trying to find out. Linda Blake was running round town, gambling heavily. She probably owed a lot of

money to Talento. She made a will in your favour. Then she died. You get her money. It's possible you could split with Luke Talento . . ."

Slowly he snuffed his cigarette, and reached into the drawer. But he didn't produce the cigarette pack. My throat went dry as I stared at the \$2 in his hand. The hand wasn't steady. We both tensed at the slight noise. He dropped his voice.

"Stand up, Norton. No more. Move. Put your face against the wall. Hands above your head. If you move, I shoot."

He raised the gun . . . I stepped up, hands high, and moved towards the wall. He stepped across the room, flung open the door, and said "You smacking spy. Yvonne . . . you came back to listen, yes . . ."

She spun out a string of fast words in French. I couldn't follow them.

"Get in there!" Marcus said. "So you think I murdered Linda, you fool? I was out of town the day she went with Talento."

He must have prodded her with the gun. From the corner of my eye I could see her facing the wall, hands high. I wondered if Marcus intended to shoot us. He was moving sound behind me, but the way his nerves were I guessed this wasn't the time for

me to try tricks. And then . . . something clunked hard on my skull. I tried to struggle, but the Wave of pain and blackness spread . . .

Through a haze—how long later I won't say, but I had a feeling it wasn't very long—I could see faces. I shook my head. Slowly the room came into focus. Luke Talento was sitting on the edge of the desk. Near him, holding an automatic, was the torpedo Ed stem at the Mauder. Yvonne was in the chair. Marcus was standing behind his desk.

"So you've come around, Norton," Talento said. "You think Linda Blake owed me money for gambling debts. So did . . . so what? Why she hadn't lived so thirty and received her inheritance. She couldn't pay me. But what's the use of talking? Take them away, Nicky. I think . . . sure, out in the truck. Give them to steel savings. That'll make them sick!"

Nicky's dead-pat face didn't flinch. He moved the automatic slightly and announced, "You've been frisked, Norton, and this red has a silencer. I don't care where I bring you off. We're going down in the back lift.

Continued on page 68



"Do you suppose if we raise this bar they'd get up their nerve before the act our raves?"

SPORT QUIZ



by Ray Mitchell



The quiz this month is set for those who have told me that the questions have been too hard. Actually, the questions are easy—it's the answers that are sometimes hard! Followers of the sports mentioned here will find these questions a pleasure. If there is any sport here you do not follow, you should still get a pass if you read the paper. After all, these sports all appeared in the newspapers of January/February this year. The possible is 36, but a score of only 17 is bad. You should get at least 26. A score of 36 gets you in the good class. If you get 36, you are very good. Go to it. The first question is the easiest, the rest easy. Cricket scores will test your memory, though. The answers are on page 49.

1. ATHLETICS

In February this year a former athlete died in U.S.A. at the age of 72. He was the first man to run 100 yards in 10 seconds. For one point, who was he? If you know, or can work out, the year he set 5.6, take another point.

With athletics, you may remember that the American runner, Wm. Sander, set a new indoor race record (which time is a lot slower than Landy's outdoor record). About a week afterwards Sander competed against others in a midget race and won beaten last time of the previous week. Also his fastest. Take a point for the name of the winner of that race and a point for the name of the man who finished second.

2. BOXING

Australia's newest star is Col Clarke, a lightweight who is headed for a couple of titles. On February 7 he knocked out Ned Wilson in the sixth round. There was quite a lot of publicity about it at the time, so you should know that, all the same he had fought 19 fights and scored . . . how many knockouts! Take one point for a correct answer.

A second question on boxing. If you read your newspaper, whether or not you are a boxing fan, you will know the names a number ofights listed for West Melbourne Stadium by January/February were transferred to Sydney Stadium. Only one point for that, as it is too easy.

3. CRICKET

Of course, you know that England trounced Australia in the fourth Test, so you should be able to answer a dozen questions on it. The first five each carry one point, the 6th is worth two points; the 7th is worth three, the 8th one, the 9th and 10th each two, the 11th one and the 12th two. So cricket is worth 18 points. If you know the answers to all questions, Ready? (1) By what margin did England win the fourth Test? (2) Where was the fourth Test played? (3) What was Am-

erica's first, Landy's total? (4) What was Australia's second, Landy's total? (5) What was England's first, Landy's total? (6) Two English bowlers each took six wickets in the Test. Name them. (7) Of the two sides in the complete Test, these bowlers took at least three wickets at an average of less than 20 per wicket. Name the three. (8) In the complete Test, only one batsman was run out. His name? (9) Who represented for Australia and what was his score? (10) Who scored for England and what was his score? (11) Quite a number of batsmen were out L.B.W. How many? A tip—there was no L.B.W. in Australia's first innings. (12) Evans and Middletons were the two wicketkeepers. Each made more than one catch. How many catches did each make in the whole Test?

4. CYCLING

This one is very easy for all sportsmen, whether or not you are a cycling fan. Who won the N.S.W. State 1,000 metres sprint title in February? If you don't know, make a guess; you can't relax.

5. GENERAL

All Australians, sportsmen or not, should know about the Helms Award. Each year each continent names its outstanding athlete, who is given the award. It dates back to 1954. Who was the Australian who got the award for 1954? If you know his name, you should know his sport and that will net you a second point.

6. MOTOR CYCLING

Australia was graced with the presence of a world champion in February. He broke the lap record at Mt. Druitt, N.S.W., and won the Invitation Grand Prix over a course of 22 miles. For one point, who is he? (Oh, isn't this easy!) For a bonus, what speed did he average over the 22-mile course?

7. SWIMMING

On February 2, a young Australian broke the Australian record over 500 metres freestyle by 4.7 seconds in the State titles. Who is he? Take a second point if you know whose record he broke. That is not difficult either.

8. TENNIS

The Australian tennis championships are held at the end of January each year. Which you remember is what day they were held this year? If so, take a point. Take another point if you know who won the men's singles. A third point if you know whom he beat in the final. A fourth point if you know the winner of the women's singles and a fifth point if you remember whom she beat in the final.



portfolio of beauty







IN THE SWAMP

Continued from page 10

Jules came first, side on to me, the rifle barrel thrust forward and swinging in small arcs. Behind him came Pierre. Moving slowly in the deep mud, they drew level with where I crouched. They stopped there. Our backwater joined the main creek at an angle.

Pierre touched Jules's arm and pointed to something in the mud. Jules began to turn, slowly pulling one leg out of knee-deep, digging mad, and dropping his eyes to follow Pierre's pointing hand.

I stood up and came to full draw in one swift movement, my eyes focused on Jules's belt buckle.

The movement caught his eye. As his head lifted I loosed the arrow and over the range of its passage I saw his body jerk, heard his yell of surprise and alarm end on a high note of pain. He jerked around. The rifle went off, and Juleses drifted down around me. I dropped on to one knee, and notched another arrow, watching the opening.

A bullet cracked in the air over my head like a whiplash, another screamed away behind me in a miasma. I scrambled back to where Gwen crouched, floundering in the mud and between the knotted mangrove roots. I pushed Gwen behind an upthrust of curving wood, while somebody emptied the rifle magazine at us.

I didn't hear the bullet that hit me. I was hunched over in front of Gwen, then something exploded inside my head. I remembered a scream from Gwen as I tried to stand up and blotted out.

I came to up to my neck in water. Pain blacked me out again. I woke up and I was retching water. I lay against a clump of roots. Thinking was torture. I struggled to look around. A sort of dirty grey flowed about me, the rain still pattered on the leaves, my hand clung away from the throbbing lump over one ear, and it was streaked with blood.

I remembered the bow, and floundered trying to find it. It was some distance away; one arrow was all I could find. The water kept rising. When I stood up, my surroundings had a strange light of receding and coming back; my eyes didn't want to focus properly. Some time later I found myself sitting on the bank of the creek, watching the Lurrikin trying to pull her anchor. The creek was in high flood, with debris of all kinds coming down; the rain, too, was still coming down.

I picked a fairly big log that was caught up near the bank, placed the bow and arrow securely in a loop, and pushed off down stream. Nothing moved in the swift current carried me towards the straining anchor rope. The drably swaying stems, but I decided that it was too risky to attempt a landing back there.

I didn't feel myself. I was in pretty poor shape for a fight. Pierre was still fishing fit even if Jacques and Jules were injured, and I didn't know how badly they had been hit.

I grabbed the anchor rope and passed the log in against the side of the launch. The current tried to knock it away when I stood on it to try and clamber aboard. I inside it, and I lay there on the deck, waiting for everything to stop spinning. An easy mark for Pierre if he stepped out carrying the 303.

Precariously I moved off, flinging the bow and wondering whether the wet string would set. I noticed that the arrow I had was a blank with an empty .303 shell case on the end of the shaft, the type usually used against birds. Well, it would have to do this time.

A sudden pang of pain and a moment of French burst from the cabin below. I stopped.

"Pierre, you clumsy fool, be more careful, that's my sore leg."

"Bah, you're too soft, Jacques! A bit of an arrow wound and you squeal like a stuck pig."

"Stuck pig, eh? You'd squeal too, if you copped one. It took you all your time to pull it out. And you let him live!"

"He was practically dead as it was, only the girl didn't know it. So—why kill a dead man?"

"Why kill him? Look at Jules' look at his face. Look at me—and all through one minn. And you let him live because of a woman, bah, I apf!"

"Ah, but what a woman!" Pierre sounded very pleased with himself! "First, she nearly scratched my eyes out, so, I knocked her down. Then she changed suddenly. With the knife against his throat she pleaded with me, she would do anything, anything, so long as I let him live. So we made a bargain. One should always please a woman, Jacques. What is wrong with that?"

"You've got laugh. You think that you've got her all to yourself, don't you, Pierre?"

"I not only think, my friend, but I know it. Do you think that you, with your crippled leg, or Jules, lying there, can take her away from me? Just try!"

The silence that followed this outburst could have been cut with a knife. I stepped around the corner to the top of the steps that led into the main cabin, the bow at half draw, awaiting the wavy expressions of sheer suspense that would be mirrored on the three faces that swung towards me.

Gwen was huddled on a bunk in the far corner, her blonde hair no longer a halo. One eye was half closed, and showed a big bruise.

Jacques, perched on a bunk, supported his wounded leg on the centre table. Pierre standing near him, a roll of bandage in his hand. Jules, at full stretch on another bunk, was covered by a blanket. The rifle was

there, too, against the wall by Jules' bunk.

For a few seconds the tableau held, then dissolved into a blur of movement. Gwen straightened up in her corner. I saw Jacques, too, grab his wounded leg with both hands as if to lower it to the floor, but it was Pierre that focused my whole attention.

I'd half expected him to make a bid for the rifle, or plunge for the cover of the engine-room door, or maybe both Gwen and afterwards that I looked like death himself standing there, one side of my face a river of oozing blood, my shirt streaked with blood and mud, eyes glazed. I was everything like a drunken rish.

Instead, his hand jerked up and sent the lamp of cloth hurtling towards me. He followed in a wild plunge towards my legs.

I yelled, "Grab the rifle, Gwen!" and loosed the arrow. As Jules reached the foot of the steps the blunt arrow took him in the stomach. The soaked string had absorbed some of the usual force of the blow, and I wasn't in a fit condition to use it well; otherwise the arrow, blunt-headed as it was, would have punched a hole right through here at that range.

He sagged against the steps, and I drove my foot into his throat. He went over sideways between the table and the bunks. I went to jump down the steps. The cabin started to spin, and I got there slowly. Gwen had the rifle, and was making back towards me along the angry banks on the side way from Jacques and Jules.

Gwen pointed me, breathing quickly, her blue eyes alight with excitement. I took the rifle and handed her the bowstring. "Tie his hands behind his back," I said. "And make it tight. And yes." I added looking at Jacques, "Get up forward into the engine-room."

I stood there, frightened to move, and watched him hobble away. Gwen was making a good job with Pierre and things were getting hazy.

"Heres that!" I heard Gwen exclaim, her voice coming from miles away.

"Ara girl!" I said, and went to climb the steps.

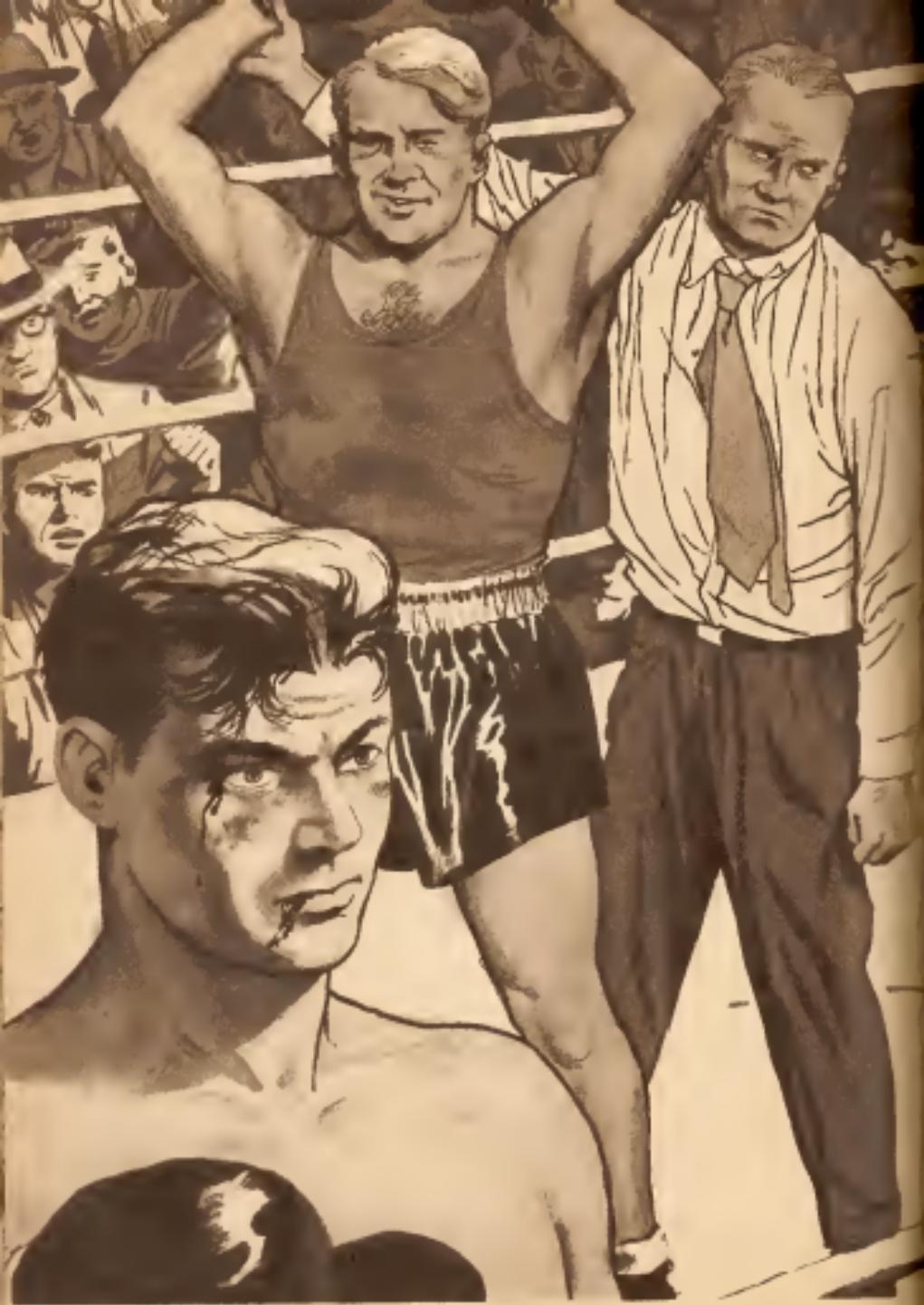
My head followed on something soft when I opened my eyes. Gwen's lap. Her hair fell around me like a curtain. When she saw my eyes open, her cheek dropped to rest. Her voice was soft whisper with a catch in it. "Oh Steve—darling! I thought your eyes would never open."

The ache in my head had lessened, the pillow was soft, and Gwen was there close. I took a big breath. "Hello, Angel where am I?"

"You're here on the Lurrikin—" the blue eyes warmed suddenly. Her lips brushed mine softly. "How are you, Steve?"

"Do that again, Angel!" I said, and Ell tell you.

THE END





GRUDGE FIGHT

ALAN KENT • FICTION

The kid had been beaten up in the boxing tent and robbed by the troupe manager, but the irate carnival-goers and the doctor stood by him to the end—and what an end!

A woman screamed as the youngster recited backwards, tripped and sprawled on his back almost at our feet. We recognized him at once. It was the kid who had fought Buffing Bragg in Raven's boxing sideshow. I looked quickly at the faces which were rapidly forming themselves into a circle round the fallen lad. On the far side was Bragg himself, a leer hovering over his ugly, battered face. Their bout an hour ago had been very wiffling, and the lad had protested loudly when the decision had gone against him. Had feeling had sprung up between the two, but I didn't think they'd start anything outside among the crowd.

Bragg stood quite still, making no attempt to further the attack. But his big gnarled fists were clenched, at the ready. He still wore his performing dress—black shorts, a blue singlet with "Raven's Troupe" sewn on in red letters, and a dirty, once-white dressing gown.

Ten years ago the man would have been really dangerous, but he must have been on the wrong side of forty now, and he was cracking up fast. His puffy, beaten face testified that in his prime he had been a fighter, not a boxer. The broken nose. The mis-shaped ear. A fighter, bashed about till he had been pushed from the stadium to travelling with a second-rate vaudeville troupe fighting the locals for a few bob. The colour of his nose and the somewhat vacuous look at the back of his eyes told another tale too. He was obviously fond of going.

He moved his hand and wiped the sweat from a wrinkled forehead. His eyes were on the youngster. Roads. Waiting. Everyone was silent, waiting to see what the lad would do. Each second brought new spectators, even some of the speakers from the nearby stalls.

The youngster sat up straight. Blood from his cut lip trickled down his chin. He rubbed his head slowly from side to side.

"He doesn't even know he's bleeding," said a woman at the back of me.

Their bout had been very willing and the kid had protested loudly when the decision had gone against him.

G. Norman

I glanced round. Everyone was looking at her eyes; she was enjoying the fight. "Bruce, my brother, save him," he said. His contempt for her showed. I tapped the sleeve of his coat. "Come on," I said. "Let's give the lad a hand." He looked a bit dazed.

"He looks as though he could do with a bit of help," Bruce agreed.

As we stepped out from the crowd, so did Bragg. An ugly look on his face.

"Stop me and you'll be sorry."

Bragg looked me up and down, but made no move. I was as big as he, and with no heavy flesh. He stepped aside and called to the lad.

"Stand off, pants! If you want any more you know where to get it."

The lad flushed. Then he spoke.

"I won't fight here like a drunken bruiser, Bragg. But I'll see you again in the right place. Three o'clock, don't it?"

"Yeah. If you don't get cold feet."

The lad shuddered. Bruce gripped his arm.

"Ready, father?" he said quickly.

Bruce pushed his way suddenly through the crowd, and headed for Raven's big entrance. The crowd broke up, the speakers shouted again, and the harsh music from a nearby megaphone-filled the air.

Bruce was dabbing at the cut lip with his handkerchief, but every time he stopped the blood coated again. The lad and nothing stood still with his head back, waiting for the crowd to stop.

When I saw I liked. Quite young, his frame was big and powerful. The rolled-up sleeves on his shirt showed tanned, muscular arms, a single tattoo on each. Tight fitting denim jeans suggested the power and strength of his legs.

His blue eyes caught mine; the tension in them eased, and he grinned. He took the handkerchief in one hand and held out the other to me. The grip was hard, almost fierce.

"Thanks." Then, turning to Bruce, "and you too."

"Forget it."

"You know," went on the lad, "you were taking a bit of a risk, getting tangled up with Bragg. He's nasty. 'I can take care of myself,' I told him."

"Gloss on. But . . . well . . . you don't look like the type who does much fighting."

His eyes took in my new light-weight summer suit, pinstriped shirt and weather-beaten silk tie.

"You'd be surprised," Bruce said. I glanced over quickly and he stopped speaking.

"Lip still bleeding?" I asked.

He took the handkerchief away and immediately the blood came again.

"Come and I'll fix it up," I offered. "I'm a doctor. Doctor Barrett. This is my brother, Bruce."

The lad started, and a look of recognition came into his eyes but he did not say anything other than to introduce himself as Steve Janssen.

By the time we reached my car the lip had almost stopped bleeding anyway, so it wasn't difficult to dress it. Steve looked at himself in the supermarket mirror.

"Sorry," he said colourfully, "that's a real next job. Thanks, doc."

"You're welcome," I groaned, "but keep out of Bragg's way. It wouldn't take much of a knock to split it and make it really nasty."

The look of obscenity in Steve's eyes annoyed.

"Listen, doc," he answered. "Thanks for your interest. But Bragg and I have a score to settle and I've got to get him while he's here in town."

"You've already had one try today," observed Bruce. "And . . . ?"

Steve flushed angrily. "You were both there this morning?" he questioned.

Bruce and I nodded.

"And who do you think went?"

Bragg was given the decision. "I did."

"And who rendered?" he persisted.

"Raven," said Bruce.

An expression of contempt flickered over Steve's face.

"Yeah. Raven was the referee, that's why Bragg won. We were fighting for twenty-five quid. Remember? Twenty-five quid is a lot of money to Raven."

I shrugged. "OK, Steve. It's your tip. Remember, you're rejecting a doctor's advice."

He looked evenly. "Do I look worried?" was his only reply.

"I guess that first fight in the ring was the cause of your little trouble with Bragg afterwards," Bruce observed.

"Uh-uh. He assumed what I said about the fight being rigged and came around to pick me up afterwards. But I won't be in a brawl."

"Raven will still be the referee," I said.

"Maybe not," he said with a sly smile. "Maybe not."

Bruce glanced at his watch.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Quarter to three."

Steve said, "I don't want to miss out." He opened the door of the car and stepped on to the hot black surface of the parking lot. "Are you folks coming, too, or do I say goodbye?"

"Let's go," I said. "I guess I'd better be on the spot to repair the spot."

Steve allowed his way through the crowd. He moved quickly and impatiently, even though Raven's entrance was not more than two hundred yards away. He meant business, and people gave him plenty of room. We tagged behind.

Evidently, news of the judge fight had circulated pretty freely. People were nudging each other and pointing at us. Then they drifted in behind us and started moving in the same direction. Steve didn't seem to notice, but Bragg did.

By now we were almost at the big marquee. A fair-sized crowd was already waiting for Raven and his

boys to appear on their platform. We arrived just on the flap of the marquee was drawn back. Raven and us, all the boys, came through, climbed the stairs to the platform, and ranged themselves in a line. Bragg was on one end. Though he stood quite tall, his eyes scanned the crowd, looking for someone. When he saw Steve he turned to the side of the platform and deliberately spat on the ground. I shot a glance at Steve. He was pale, and he was trembling with anger.

A half-easy stool beside a big bass drum, drumstick in hand. Two others held hand bells. At a nod from Raven, they began banging and ringing. The harsh sound filled in with the noise well enough.

Raven signalled, and the noise stopped. Then he stepped to the front of the platform, microphone in hand. Even from where I was standing, I saw enough to decide him immediately.

A glorified hobo. His trousers, probably once brown, gave the impression that he had just climbed from under a car. Utterly naked save there was a gaudy green shirt, too small for him to button up at the neck; nevertheless, it was hanging there, a yellow one. Blackest of the man himself.

He stood for a moment, regarding the dark shadows on his chest, waiting for a few on the audience of the crowd to come closer. Then he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and started into his sales talk in a somewhat fogged voice that betrayed the presence of alcohol.

"Come on, folks, roll up, roll up! Up here to the greatest little boxing troupe in the country. Raven's Boxin' Boys—and not a finer group of fighters to be found anywhere. I repeat that, ladies and gentlemen—anywhere. And come here for your entertainment."

We nodded and we were given an other dose of drum and bell. Bruce grimaced. "That's a hell of a声," he muttered. "That ain't certainly no worse than Raven's bowlin'."

"You'll hear a lot more of both before you've finished," Steve added.

We did, too. One by one, Raven introduced the troupe to the crowd, describing their prowess in extravagant terms. Nobody took his claims seriously, for they had been to better exhibitions many times, but something in Raven's style of speaking and moving held the interest, and the crowd gradually became larger.

Bragg was introduced last. He was obviously the best performer in the show, for the guarantee was that twenty-five pounds would be given to anyone succeeding in beating him over three rounds. The crowd seemed more than usually interested in Bragg. They seemed to know who was going to challenge him.

Then Raven started calling for volunteers to try their skill. Before long, three minor contests had been arranged. The half-easy with the drum was challenged by a young tim-

SEASHORE SIREN





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ter worker down the river, and both bellringers joined themselves with opponents from among the local talent. The challenges had been quick, and Raven was pleased. He grinned. From behind the colorless lips showed two rows of dirty, uneven teeth.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, there is room for one more contest on our fine programme. I have these boys left here to choose from."

He indicated a skinny, almost frightened-looking youngster of about seventeen. "Young Bluey Bowden?" Ingested direct from Cloncurry, Queensland, for your approval, ladies and gentlemen. Bluey will undertake to fight anyone within seven pounds of his own fighting weight of 8-2."

He passed. There were no challengers. He continued:

"Well then, what about Eddie Morris? Step forward, Eddie." Eddie, the other half-expert in the show, surveyed the crowd arrogantly, arms folded. But again no one moved. Everyone was silent, waiting. Bragg was right.

Raven moved up to him and placed an affectionate hand on his shoulder. "I know what it is," he said, seemingly to no one in particular. "Every one wants to see the champ in action. Don't they, champ?"

Brang wrinkled at the word "champ" and stepped forward with one arm raised above his head as though he had already won any fight that might take place. With his hand on the fighter's shoulder, Raven turned.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," he

boasted, "Battling Bragg here is the champ of this little outfit, and I've got twenty-five quid to say he can't be beaten over three rounds. By myself."

He dove his hand into his pocket and pulled out a roll of crumpled notes.

"Look! See? There it is twenty-five quid. And it belongs to the fighter who has the guts and strength to go three rounds with the Battler and beat him in fair fight."

"Fair fight be damned!" a loud voice sounded from a bit to our right, Raven spun round towards it as though struck. His eyes searched among the crowd for its owner.

"Who said that?" he demanded angrily.

"I did." A short, stocky fellow whom I remembered had sat near us during the previous session and had been almost as loud as Steve in protesting at the decision, now obviously had a few beers in him, and was in an argumentative mood.

"And who do you think you are?" snarled Raven.

The drunk looked to his mates for support, then said:

"I mean this morning you cheated a young feller out of twenty-five quid fightin' this bruiser. The youngster won, but you squabbled, and kept the dough. That's right, isn't it?" he shouted to the crowd in general.

Raven started to say that he'd been in the fight game all his life and there wasn't a thing he didn't know about boxing, but the crowd began to take up the cry, and drowned him out.

When they quietened down sufficiently for him to be heard, Raven yelled, "Ladies, ladies and gentlemen, please!" Then he started, as though a sudden idea had occurred to him.

"Later!" he yelled again. "Is the young feller that fought the champ here in the crowd now?"

"Yes!" came from several voices.

"Well, then, let him step right up here now," he invited.

People started to clap as Some pushed his way to the platform, and slowly mounted the stairs.

Raven turned to Steve.

"Now, young feller," he said in a wheedling tone, "they say you were cheated of twenty-five quid this morning. You know more about boxing than the whole lot of them put together. I want you to tell them the decision was quite fair, and that you are satisfied."

Steve stared him straight in the eyes and said, "You must think I'm a hell of a ring, Raven."

"So you're cryin', too, are you?" sneered Raven. "I thought you were made of better stuff, lad. The bout's been fought, I tell you, and it's too late to alter the decision. But I'll tell you what—"

He pulled out his notes again, and slowly counted out five singles, while the crowd watched him with mounting interest.

"It's not my policy to argue with my customers," he said, "and I've got the reputation of my show to think about, so I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you five pounds and we'll call it quits. What about it, eh?"

The noses were extended invitingly. Steve looked at them for a moment. "You offered twenty-five pounds to the winner of your men's bout this morning. Well, that was me. Give me the other twenty and I'll go."

A round of applause broke out. Raven was red in the face.

"What's done is done, I tell you," he snarled. "It's too late now."

"OK then, lesson to me," said Steve. He grabbed the mike away from Raven and turned and faced the onlookers.

"Ladies and gentlemen! I challenge Bragg to a return bout here and now. I'm willing to pay twenty-five pounds if I'm beaten, but if I win, Raven has to give me twenty-five extra. How does it sound?"

A storm of cheering and whistling greeted the challenge. I didn't like the look in Raven's eyes. He was scared by the turn of events. He stood to lose too much. Barefaced he switched the mike back.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he appealed. "Please. This young fellow has you so much on his side that I won't be going to give the decision against him unless the Butler actually knocks him out."

"Well, can't he?" shouted the drunk, and everyone laughed.

"I've got the answer," called out Steve. "We'll get an independent referee."

Before Raven could interrupt, Steve continued. "Right here among us we have the amateur middleweight champ of the state—Dr. Athel Barrett."

Steve called me over, a look of apology on his face.

"Dr. Barrett," he said. "The sorry as call on you like this but would you oblige us?"

"Very well," I replied briefly, and turned to walk from the platform stage to get away from the unrelenting bright. Raven's look as I passed him could have killed me.

"I'm sorry, Raven," I said, "but it looks as though you have no choice."

And he hadn't. If he'd tried to stop things then or refused to the challenge, the crowd would have wrecked his show. They were in the mood.

"We start in ten minutes," he snapped, angrily.

I went back to Bruce. "How the hell did Steve know who I was?" I asked him.

"Stop kidding yourself. Your photo is always in the paper."

Raven came back on the flap of the marquee and signaled us over.

"Here we go," said Bruce.

I followed Raven down the aisle to the ring between two solid masses of people. It was doubtful whether any more could have fitted in to see the fight. The shawmman's face was very glam.

"Don't worry, Raven," I said, nodding to the number of onlookers. "You'll still make a packet."

"I'll need to," he replied sullenly. "With you selling."

I ignored the insult. Taking off my coat and tie, I climbed through

the ropes into the ring. The officials were already in their corners, waiting tensely.

Raven had made the preliminary announcements and introductions before I came in. I walked to the centre of the ring and signaled both fighters to me.

"You know the rules as well as I do, chaps," I warned. "Keep it clean. Don't hit low, and break cleanly from the clinches. Any questions?"

"There were none."

Steve adjusted his gloves, but Bragg just turned and walked back to the corner, ignoring them. An angry murmur came from the crowd, but Steve just shrugged.

The bell sounded. Bragg moved out slowly in a shuffle, his eyes narrowed to this, intently watching his opponent's moves.

The younger was more able. He dashed out lightly and circled round the older man, looking for an opening. Suddenly it presented itself. His left

arm shot out and jerked Bragg's head sharply.

Bragg dodged the follow up blow and retaliated with a savage blow to the heart. Steve winced and backed away. Bragg followed, like a bear shuffling up to a horse.

Steve ducked under two maledictory swings to the head, but took another hard one on the heart. In return he gave a hard right cross that made the pain well up in Bragg's watery eyes.

The round continued, with honours about even. For every point that one of them gained, the other soon equalized. But the interesting thing was the way Steve managed to keep his lip out of the way of Bragg's swishing leather.

As the bell for the end of the round sounded, both fighters returned to their corners. Being right inside the ring with them it could give a better impression of their styles than the watchers.



Bragg was past his prime, and looked like he'd be out of the show in a year or two. His reflexes were slowing and he was taking too much punishment. As he sat damped in his corner with Raven working on him, I felt sorry for the man.

On Steve's side were youth and enthusiasm, but he was still raw... very raw. Apart from the saving of his cut lip, the rest of his defense had too many loopholes for safety.

At the end of the second round, Steve's lip was still intact, but red glove marks mottled the rest of his body. Bragg showed signs of wear, his right eye was almost closed and

The crowd on two sides of the ring seemed to know. A storm of shouting broke out in protest at a foul, but I could give no ruling. If it was a foul, and an intentional one, Bragg had certainly placed himself in the right position to manage it.

I signalled him over to a neutral corner, and started the count over Steve. His face was pale, but at these his eyelids flickered. The look on his face said he would be up to finish the fight, win or lose, lip or no lip. At the count of eight he came to his feet, swaying a little.

Bragg moved in swiftly with an

ADVICE FOR WRITERS

PROMULGATING your aesthetic cogitations or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amiable, philosophical, or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational consciousness demonstrate a clarified consciousness, a compact comprehension, no confused conglomerations of profuse garrulity, leisurely half-moment and adusive affectation. Let your extemporaneous verbal evasions and evasions have facility, intelligibility and variation vivacity without codicilliata or Thespian bombast. Sensuously avoid all patricratic profanity, pannous prolixity, patricious vacuity, ventriloquial verbiage and vainglorious rapidity. Show double-intendre, obfuscous jocosity and putrefaction profanity, observable or apparent.

In other words, say what you mean, and don't use big words.

the rest of his face red. Both fighters were even on points as far as I was concerned. With his greater strength, I think Steve could have been in the lead — maybe he could even have scored a knock out — if he had stood up to the professional and tested punches in a steady barrage, instead of protecting his lip.

The crowd was still solidly on the youngster's side, roaring in approval every time he landed a blow. A great outcry realised the handicap. Steve was fighting under, and booted Bragg vigorously every time he tried to open the youngster's lip.

In the early stages of the third round, in contrast to his usual shuffle, Bragg started moving quickly round the ring, with a speed I had not thought he could use. Steve, too, seemed surprised, and slackened his own pace in a more cautious now, eying the professional curiously.

Bragg manoeuvred himself between Steve and myself, and with his back to me, launched a sudden and furious attack. I moved quickly to watch for a possible foul, but Steve was already on the canvas. The blow that put him there was low, I knew, but how low I could not say.

out of supreme confidence. In rapid succession he landed two more raps to the body. Another right to the head put Steve back on the ropes, trying desperately to cover up. The crowd screamed as Bragg closed in for the kill. For a moment he stood back, then as the younger man's head drooped, he swung savagely at the injured lip.

The blood spattered swiftly over Steve's face as the glove connecting. He dropped on one knee. For a moment he stared in disbelief at the blood which was trickling down onto his chest. Then he gave Bragg a look which I shall never forget, a look of savage contorted fury.

Slowly he stood up and leaned for a moment against the ropes. Then, as Bragg moved in again, he took one step forward, ducked the haymaker which was intended to end the fight, and put every ounce of energy and strength into a right uppercut which almost lifted Bragg off his feet.

Bragg snatched at the canvas. There was no need to cover. He would not be awake for quite a while.

Steve's hand was unusually as I raised it above his head. He didn't

seem interested in his victory. He was too busy trying to stop the flow of blood.

The crowd spared their approval of the verdict. There were loud and vigorous cheers for Steve as he pushed his way wearily towards the smaller tent which served as a dressing room. And there were jeers as Bragg's limp body was carried from the ring by Raven and one of his boys. The look on Raven's face was really something. Not only had he lost considerable prestige, but fifty pounds as well.

But for all his losses I knew that he would still show a profit on the day, the crowd was too big.

Brace was at the ringpost with my coat. I put it on, and we walked out into the open air. It was fresh and invigorating after the packed enclosure.

"Had enough?" Brace asked.

I nodded.

"I'll just drop into the dressing room and see if I'm wanted to do any patching up or reviving."

I left Brace and walked over to the small tent. I would have walked straight in, but on the flap was a sign which said, "NO ADMITTANCE." I hesitated at the entrance. Someone was mentioning my name.

I pulled the flap slightly to one side and peeped in. Bragg was lying on a stretcher, his head in his hands. Raven was with him, wiping his face with a damp cloth. Steve was standing over them, weeping. All had their backs to me. It was Steve who was talking.

"Thanks to Doc Barnett, is worked O.K. again, Raven. And I guess I'll still be good for a few more times yet."

Raven looked up at him and grinned. Not a bad grin for a man who was just supposed to have lost fifty pounds.

"Yeah," he said. "The Doc been' there inside things look real gravida."

Steve ignored him and turned and nudged Bragg painfully in the ribs.

"And listen, you," he said viciously. "You were told to lay off my lip. You open it again next time and you're dead. Understood? That's why you got really flattened just now."

Bragg started to murmur something by way of apology, but I'd heard enough. I let the flap back carefully and walked slowly back to Brace.

"How's Steve?" he asked.

"Steve's O.K.," I said. "Steve's O.K."



THE END



"Of course I'd love you just as much if you
lost all your money . . . and I'd miss you terribly!"

VENGEANCE OF THE SHARK GOD

Continued from page 27

I glanced around. Just inside the entrance of the Sorcerer's Temple I saw a large robber-crab crawling toward me on its hairy, pointed legs. We watched as it crept with awkward movements closer and closer to the coral bowl. Then, seemingly with purpose in mind, it crawled its way up the side of the limestone receptacle and there it rested on its nose. Then it slid slowly into the bottom. Mauleva slumped down hard the stone cover, trapping the crustacean.

The old witch-doctor fixed me with his burning eyes and spoke:

"Crabs are the designate souls of thieves, scavengers and evil-doers, carried by Hatiakoa to crawl at the bottom of the sea and up on the land, feeding upon the decomposed flesh of the dead."

Hurried back to the shore, I heard the first sounds of the sharkskin ceremonial drums and the low, pulsating chanting of the Tureans who had gathered at the Sorcerer's Temple.

The Ghoul still had his door bolted when I entered the store and, although I pounded on it angrily, demanding that he talk with me, I got no response. Several times during the night I heard him laugh loudly, insanely.

It was long after midnight when it happened: I had been restlessly pacing on the verandah, unable to sleep because of the intense despair that gripped me. I knew that the natives would never permit The Ghoul to leave with the sacred bones of a Turean chief, nor would he give up his treasure without a final physical encounter.

As I paced restlessly back and forth the brisk trade-winds brought me the sounds of the sepulchral chanting of the natives in the village and, slightly lower in tone, the ominous throb of their sharkskin ceremonial drums. It was at the height of theirathan hub-bub that I heard The Ghoul's door thrum open.

Startled, I whirled around and drew my pistol. A dark shape darted past me! It was The Ghoul, crouched low, running on all fours! But it was not the leap of a quadruped animal. He was scrunching skittishly sideways across the floor—like a large crab! His head was raised high over his shoulder and the terrible expression on the man's face stopped me dead in my tracks. It was distorted with excruciating agony. Foams was bubbling from his thick snarled lips and he was uttering horrible choked cries. His body jerked violently, as if strung on wires and pulled by a giant's hand. When his blazing eyes rested upon me he receded. Then, with one wild leap he sprang off the verandah and began crawling swiftly down the beach.

I seized a fish-light from the verandah table and rushed down the steps after him.

"Stop you fool! You hear? Stop!" My frantic cries jolted weirdly in my ears.

He moved so quickly that I lost him in the coconut grove. But further down the coral strand I saw him in the bright moonlight, keeping grotesquely toward the southern end of the islet. I ran after him yelling hoarsely: "Come back! Come back!" I had almost overtaken him when he whirled about suddenly and headed across the low isthmus that connected the two islets of Turea. Here he was concealed by a thick growth of pandanus pine. I could follow him now only by his fearful screams.

When I emerged on the opposite side of the islet I saw him far ahead where the sea broke over the low fringing reefs. He had stopped, his twisted body arched high and his head lifted in a listening, watchful attitude. I moved quietly behind the trunks of the coconut palms and I was close to him and then I stepped out from my concealment to corner him. Then I saw what had made him stop: Dragged up across the coral strand was the disembowelled carcass of a tiger-shark, its belly ripped wide open by a pearl diver's knife. Green crabs were clustered thickly about it. The Ghoul was stealthily approaching the dead shark as I watched. He suddenly made a wild rush and fell screaming among the crabs, crushing them in his hands.

I yelled at him. He howled me and his head snapped back as if impelled by a spring. His legs and arms stiffened and with a short convulsive dance he sprang into the air. He landed the dead shark and crawled off again on hairy, unlined legs. He slithered in his mad run into the shallow pools of water on the strand, crawling frenetically across the coral-fringed ledges, deeply saturating his body and limbs. I kept shouting at him to stop.

He dashed into the coconut grove again and I heard the dull impact of his body crashing against the bases of the palms. I followed his path now by large sheets of blood.

When I ran out on to the beach I did not at first pick him out. The rays of the moon were casting so many fantastic shapes in the hollows and crevices of the coral strand that I had to wait until I saw something move. I became conscious of the fact, as I waited here, breathing heavily, that the sound of the drums and the chanting had ceased. Then I heard a scuttling sound and a splash close by. A dark figure grew out of the ledge in front of me. I saw The Ghoul clearly on the reef. The moonlit sky and the landscape seemed irradiated now with a mystic incandescence, and in the eerie glow I saw him swimming across the lagoon in the direction of the great barrier-reef of Turea, making his way by the negotiating coral growths.

Suddenly I saw something else which made me cry out again to the dazed man. It was the high, white

fin of the Carcharodon-killer following in the deep water alongside The Ghoul!

I watched with helpless dread until the crazed man reached the great reef of Turea where on its inner edge he threw himself posterior. He paddled there an abnormally long time. I was momentarily certain that he had collapsed from loss of blood, but just as I was about to turn and run to the village for assistance, he moved and his head lifted wearily. It was just at this precise second that disaster swept in on him.

A mighty wave was charging in from far out, its crest plumed with white foam, rising higher and higher against the moon's brilliance. The Ghoul's inhuman shriek of despair reached me across the wide lagoon, as he sprang back frantically to avoid it. But he moved too slowly and with a deafening explosion which shook the adjoining reefs to their foundations the gigantic wave broke across the wide mangat, burying deeply in foamy turbulence the reef where The Ghoul had been stretched out only a second or two before. A momentous wave out of a quiet, sunnier night sea!

When the backwash of the shattered corals had drained off the high reef in a welter of foam, I saw that it was empty. Farther out in the ocean in the eddying waters I sighted the head and flaying arms of The Ghoul. His mottled seascars filled the night. Then I saw the quick flash of a white shark-like close to him! A second later The Ghoul was jerked below the surface.

Shortly after daybreak the witch-doctor and the chief came to the store and took back the stolen fan to the crypt in the reef. Just before noon pearl divers found the mangled body of The Ghoul snagged on a reef-edge off Turea. Ramauna brought me a few of the man's possessions that had been found: his pistols.

I was dropping a few coins, keys and miscellaneous papers of The Ghoul's into a large envelope when an object caught my eye. It was a gold ring—a man's ring—and one I had seen before! I read the initials etched in the inner band: PEV. Pierre Etienne Vilain!

Now I had conclusive statements to make in my official report concerning the death of Turea Mafata, whom the natives of Turea had named as fittingly "The Ghoul."

Had Maudeka, the witch-doctor of Turea, transformed The Ghoul into a human crab, symbolical of a despoiled desecrator of the dead? Of course, you could say that he was caught in the grip of delirium tremens, or that he was suffering from some form of brain fever brought on by the poisonous coral dust. But I have lived long enough in the South Seas not to take too lightly the strange powers of native priests!

THE END

Outdoor look...



• This is the look when it's just
needed to go dry for the day and
you're a "roughy" type. To accentuate
the natural girl lines, try something
with low-bust, bustline and/or
spandex back and a double-line

• Not for a "softy" girl we suggest
that "Bikini is the best" giving the
hot stuff just a hot you and the
heat will just make things worse.

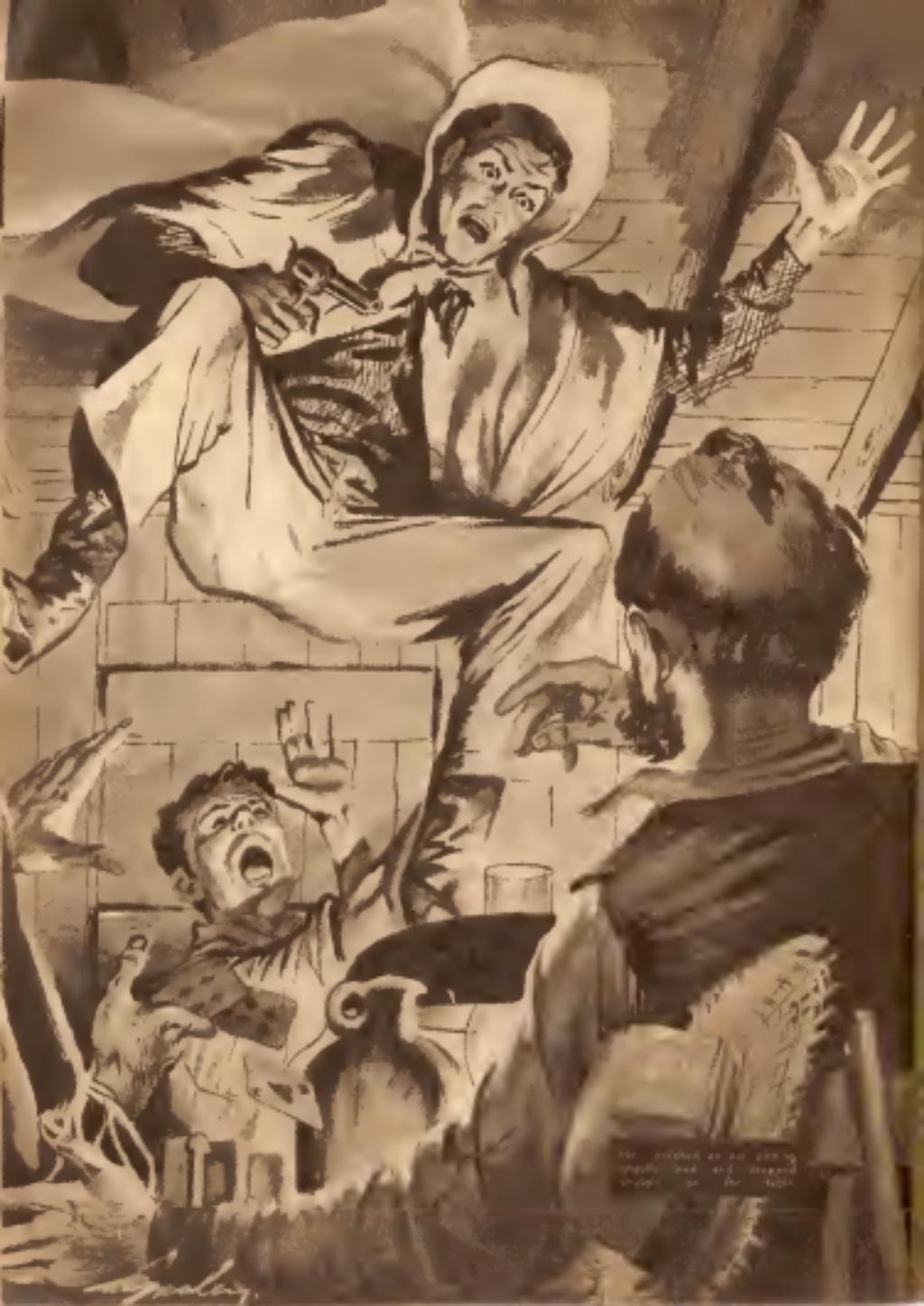
Outdoor look...



Q When you are wearing a dress
that has a belt, how do you
keep your stockings from being
seen through the belt?

A Put a piece of white crepe
paper over the belt and then
the stockings will not be seen
through it.





—Zigler

A Dead Man Saved His Life

JAMES HOLLEDGE • FACT

When the travelling salesman was told he must share a room with a dead man he thought it was a joke—until he found the corpse had been his rival.

Eddie Cappa, at last report, was a spry old man of Detroit, retired now for some years. As though it were only yesterday, he can remember the events of a stormy night more than half a century ago when a dead man saved his life.

Eddie was then a young tobacco salesman. His route wound through the wild, mountainous backblocks of Kentucky where moonshiners flourished. One May afternoon he drove his buggy into the small town of Middleboro, where he planned to spend the night. A place with the booking clerk of his hotel changed his mind, because the clerk told Cappa his deadly rival and competitor, Gus Lebe, had passed through the town the previous day. With Lebe travelling just ahead of him like that, there would be little business left for Cappa, and he had to catch Lebe up. The clerk said his rival was heading for the town of Barbourville.

Cappa thought he might even get ahead of Lebe if he took a short cut through the mountains, and lunched about the route, but the books said it was little more than a track or compass through "pretty dangerous country" infested with hillbillys who would "hit a throat for a pat of good corn bacon."

But Cappa was a firewater salesman who could not let his competitor steal a march on him. He set out immediately, even though a storm was threatening ignoring the good advice.

His buggy could not negotiate the track, so it was left behind in the livery stable at Middleboro. He saddled his mare, Sally, and loaded his expensive saddle-bags.

They jogged away out of town and Cappa turned Sally's head into the hills when they came to the short cut. He was entering a region that was practically beyond the law, relying on a .44 Smith and Wesson to protect himself. He did not feel quite so confident a little later, when darkness descended and he could see only a few feet ahead.

The storm broke. Rain lashed down on the solitary horseman. Thunder and lightning terrified the mare. A tree crashed down in the

path. Man and beast skirted it and pushed on.

When they passed the track and were plainly lost, Cappa grew scared. It was midnight and he had not seen signs of life for hours. At first he noticed occasional tiny gables off the track, but there were no more of those.

The mare's head was drooping, but she picked her way painfully forward. Cappa, hopelessly lost, dropped the reins to let her choose her own route, hoping her instinct would lead them out.

Suddenly Sally seemed to find something. She jerked up her head and broke into a trot. Peering through the dark, Cappa distinguished a dilapidated old shed. The mare went straight through the open door into what was apparently a stable. Through the darkness came the soft neigh of another horse.

Cappa sighed with relief. The home meant there must be people nearby—people who could provide food, and even shelter. He was about to dismount when a dog came bounding through the door. Its barking changed his mind. He stayed in the saddle and waited for its master.

Presently a light flickered out in the darkness and this end a man came into the shed. When he lifted a lantern, Cappa saw one of the most evil and villainous-looking faces he had ever seen.

The newcomer looked in his 60s, but, as strong as a gorilla. Great shoulders were hunched; his arms looked like huge paddlums; he wore a shaggy beard a foot long, and carried the light in one hand. In the other was a muzzle shotgun.

He put down the lantern and pointed the gun at Eddie Cappa.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he growled.

The young salesman quickly explained how Sally had found the open stable door, and asked for shelter for the night. For a few moments the other did not speak. His shrivelled eyes seemed to be weighing Cappa. Finally he



lowered his gun, and motioned the silversmith to dismount. Cappa did so. He unstrapped his mare and gave her feed and water the man offered. He followed him through the storm to a nearby rough log cabin.

An old woman who looked as castan as mud waded in the rain around them. Cappa did not like the look of either of his hosts, and decided they must be moonshiners, and their distrust of him came from their fear of spying revenue officers. To him they were safety.

He explained he was just a tobacco salesman who had lost his way, and only wanted something warm to drink, a bite to eat, and perhaps the chance to dry out his clothes.

The couple eyed each other before they apparently came to a decision. Their attitude became almost friendly. The woman invited "Papa" to take Cappa's coat to the fire while she prepared some "nitties" and coffee. Before long Cappa had eaten, and was warm and unfriended.

The storm showed no signs of abating. The cabin swayed to rock in the whirling wind. Rain pelted down on the roof with sputtering force. Cappa dug and fumbled produced his wallet. He wanted to pay the night, and his desire to impress the couple with his ability to pay overcame his caution. He removed two dollar bills and held them out.

"Look," he said, "I'll pay you this for a bed for the night."

He thought their greed would make

them jump at the offer—but the old woman was plainly averse to his staying longer.

"There's no room for you to sleep here," she screeched. "Papa, you know we can't let him stay."

"Shutup," said her husband without raising his voice. "Of course the young fellow can sleep here if he wants to. There's the other bed in the attic he likes best."

There was no more discussion. This was done and handed Cappa a piece of candle. The mamy apparently spoke better than words.

"You go up the ladder," he said, pointing to it. "Push the trapdoor."

Cappa mounted the ladder and climbed into the little room built in the roof. The body heat followed him. He stood on one of the rungs, looking outside and propping open the trapdoor with his head.

There were only two small beds and a chest of drawers in the attic. Cappa held up the candle and looked around. The nearest bed was empty, with a dirty blanket flung across it. The other bed, however, seemed to be occupied. A figure could be seen outlined under a heavy cover.

"You've got someone else up here, I see," he remarked.

"Yes," replied the giant on the ladder, almost gleefully. "A dead man."

The man explained that it was someone who had called at the cabin the previous night in search of shelter. "We took him in just like you," he drawled. "Guess the poor fellow

must have died in his sleep. I'd have hauled him into town to-day only the storm blew up."

Cappa had lost his voice. His host realized if he was scared, he pointed out the silversmith did not have to stay if he did not want to. He could go out in the storm and get lost again if he preferred it.

It was the embarrassment of appearing a coward more than anything else that prompted Eddie Cappa to give a nervous laugh, sit down on the visitors bed and say that he was happy to stay.

"I'm as tired I could sleep in a morgue," he said as he tried to banish out his face.

The man shrugged and started to descend the ladder. Just before his head disappeared and the trapdoor fell shut, Cappa heard him mutter, "An' dead men that can hurt you, son. It's the live ones you've got to watch."

Cappa heard the bolt of the trapdoor being thrust home. It was too late then to change his mind. He was locked in with the corpse.

Cappa walked over to the other bed to inspect his companion for the night. He was not curious to look at the corpse, but he had decided the whole story was a grim joke by his host.

He soon proved it was deadly real when, with candle held aloft in one hand, he pulled back the covering on the opposite bed with the other.

Underneath there was certainly a dead man. He lay in a bed that was

sattered with gore. The skull had been beaten in, apparently in the same spot. For all the masked features of the face, Capps was able to recognize it. The murdered man was his rival salarist, Gus Lobe.

Sick with terror now, Eddie Capps dropped the covering. He struggled over and fell down on the other bed.

His mind still worked. What had happened was crystal clear. Gus Lobe had also taken the shot cut, and had called at the cabin the previous evening to escape the storm. That was his home keeping Sally company out in the stable. Then, for his few belongings and the stock and supplies he carried, he had been brutally rewarded in his bed by the strange host.

The same fate was undoubtedly planned for Capps. He tried to think what he could do to prevent it. He felt for his gun; it was his only hope.

He meant lie down and pretend to sleep. Eventually that would draw the killer to the attic. He would never come while he thought the victim was still awake.

The pistol gave Capps a slight chance of turning the tables if he caught the man by surprise. In a straight-out gun duel, however, he was at a disadvantage against the other's shotgun. Nonstop he dropped his hands on the floor. Then, although the thought of being alone in the dark with the object in the other bed almost paralyzed him, he blew out the candle. When his eyes became accustomed to the gloom, he saw a rim of light round the trapdoor in the floor. He twisted over and cautiously lowered his body so that he could peer through the crack into the rooms below.

The men and women were busily going through his saddlebags, as though Eddie Capps was already dead and the prize was theirs. They gobbled over each article, arguing and fighting as to who should have it.

A third person appeared below, a huge, half-wit negro who had apparently been asleep or in hiding in some outhouse. The negro's mouth sagged open in a silly grin, his eyes were set in a vacant, uncomprehending stare. In his hand was a massive wooden club.

Capps's terror returned and overwhelmed him, so he could hardly lift himself up and stagger over to the empty bed.

He lay down trying to wring some possible solution out of a brain benumbed with fright. Then to his ear, out of the darkness there seemed to come a whisper. The words came from the other cot and they said: "Change places with me . . . change places with me."

Later, when the events of the ghastly night were behind him except for the terrifying dreams that haunted him for years, Eddie Capps was prepared to admit that it was probably his own subconscious mind telling him what to do. But he still liked to think it might really have been the dead

Gus Lobe, suggesting his one hope to escape.

Capps crept across the attic. He lifted the body and carried it back to the bed he was expected to occupy. He pulled up the blanket to cover it up to the neck. He arranged one arm over the dead man's face as though he were sleeping.

Then he had to slide himself under the blood-stiffened bed clothes that had previously covered Gus Lobe. He made a hole in a sheet, so that he could peer out and watch the other bed. His gun gave him additional courage, clenched ready in his right hand.

He could no longer see the light round the trapdoor. Apparently it had been extinguished below, and the intruders were ready for their work.

A noise seemed to come from the floor in the middle of the room. Capps sat up. He aimed his gun at it. Then it ceased and he lay back under the covers.

It came again. He strained his eyes to pierce the darkness. He saw another trapdoor inching upward.

Capps concentrated on keeping himself from gulping out with terror. His hand gripped the gun till it hurt.

The trapdoor was completely raised. In the opening he saw first the Negro's head. Then as he came up into the attic, the old man appeared behind him. He carried a shot-gun and also clenched up to stand beside the Negro, who still lovingly clasped his chin.

Both stood stock still for several minutes, trying to make sure their visitor chambered safely.

The word of command came from the white man. "Go get him, Charlie," he said. "Make it sure."

The Negro stepped lightly toward the bed on which Capps was supposedly sleeping. The club was raised high above his head ready to strike.

From his hiding place Capps watched. He wanted to shoot the Negro. He knew he could not miss. But he was so petrified with the terror of the situation he could not move. He could not raise the pistol even to aim it.

The Negro stood poised for a second above the figure in the bed. Then the club came whirling down. Capps shuddered, but Charlie was not yet finished. Again and again the club rose and flashed down sickeningly as it would have on Capps himself had he not headed the curse "voicer" of Gus Lobe.

A laugh of satisfaction came from the old man. "That's enough, Charlie," he ordered. "Get his wallet now."

Capps stiffened. Now he had to act. Through the gloom he could see the Negro was frightened. He hesitated to touch the body of the man he had killed.

But it was only a momentary delay. In an instant, if the Negro did not obey, the old man himself would go, searching for the wallet. Then the trick the salarist had played would be discovered.

Through the cabin there reverberated a sudden banging and shouting. It came from the front door below. There were men down there, knocking and demanding admissions.

Capps did not know who they were or what they wanted—but they provided a diversion that averted disaster for a time at least. At the sound, the old man whispered for Charlie to follow him. Both left the attic and dashed

Continued on page 66



"Talbot, if you're looking for a raise . . . !"

Horseshoe in my hand

Spode would gamble on anything—a horse, the turn of a card—or whether or not he would walk up thirteen steps to the noose.

THE girl with the slate-colored hair and the man who had no hair at all hurried into the West Street police station just as they were bringing O'Farrell in from the detective room. She ran to him and took his handcuffed hands in both of hers.

"It's all right, Spode," she said. "We arranged beat."

Detective Johnny Frederick shook his head. "Too bad, Ruddy, but this isn't beatable . . . The charge is murder."

The bald boddikan said, "See you some more," and walked out.

Ruddy knew the handcuffed man.

"I'll get Jerry Crayne," she said. "Don't worry, honey. They'll never make this stick." Spode O'Farrell grinned.

"Don't you worry, baby," he said.

He lifted his manacled hands, half clenched the fingers of his right hand, rubbed them into her hair.

"Just for luck, Rabbit's-foot," he whispered. "Just for luck!"

Prosecutor Thomas Crayne pranced in his address to the jury. He ran his hand through his thick grey mane, turned and faced the smiling defendant, legs wide apart, jaw out.

His voice was a murmur as he made: "And then, gentlemen, this gambler sinks his teeth. He struck, depending on his luck, confident that no jury would convict a man for defending his so-called honour. The honour of a professional gambler!"

The prosecutor laughed undeniably. His voice rose, he wheeled from O'Farrell to face the jury.

"It was a cool play, gentlemen, a cold-blooded bluff! A man's broken body lay in the street. A gambler, yes, a hoodlum, as you connect, but a human being! That man was *assassinated*. It will be shown that that was no sudden 'affair of honour,' but the culmination of a careful plan."

His voice fell again. It was confidential, persuasive, reasonable.

"It will be proved that Spode O'Farrell had twice before threatened Lanny Laweseter with death; it will show that the defendant goaded his victim into an accusation of cheating—to give him an excuse to kill him. Yet, the prosecution will show motives, prove presumption."

He paused, stared O'Farrell with a stern, avenging look, then swung toward the jury, his voice a whip. "The prosecution is calling this gambler's bluff! The prosecution charges James Francis O'Farrell with murder in the first degree."

Spode's mocking eyes rested for a moment upon the prosecutor as if appraising this virtuous performance. Then he heard Jerry Crayne's confident low voice. "This is going to be a walk, Spode. Walk I ring in your wire record, walk I quote that criticism for what you did in New Orleans, walk I—"

The two men were strolling hurriedly across the station when the rusty-bladed girl appeared.



P. Kenzie '25



Oscar,

"If all you're going to do is sleep, you might as well have stayed home!"

Spade shook his head slowly. "We'll skip the hearts and flowers, Jerry."

Jerry Crayne urged imploringly: "But Spade! I'll have the prosecutor himself crying—nobody's gonna cover a guy entitled to wear the D.S.C.—the—"

Spade shook his head again definitely. "I'll pay these," he said.

He turned to look across at Ruddy, waited just outside the raft; he sneezed, and raised his hand in characteristic gesture. She forced an answering smile and repeated the gesture, rubbing her fingers into her rusty hair.

The prosecution's parade of witnesses came to an end. The prosecutor looking at the jury, announced, "That, gentlemen, is our band. The prosecution rests."

JERRY CRAYNE called the defendant and to the stand Spade looked at Ruddy, smiled, rose. The leap in his voice was the stand was hardly noticeable. In that room only Ruddy and Jerry Crayne knew about the steel brace on the left knee—a souvenir of New Orleans.

Spade was sworn, sat down. Jerry

Crayne asked him to tell the circumstances which led to the altercations with Lanny Lancaster.

"Well," Spade said, "we were playing table stakes, dealer's choice. I was dealer, so I ended up drawing that round. Lanny was under the gun. He checked, and Clyde O'Bryan bet two big chips. Everybody stayed. I boosted it a hundred, and Lanny made a five more. I just called. Lanny had to guess his hand was good enough as it was. So I drew three cards to a pair of eights. It didn't help. Lanny tipped me for my stack—about eight hundred. I called. My aces were good. He didn't have a thing. It made him sure. He said I'd run in a pack of aards."

Spade paused. He explained, apologetically, to the jury. "Readers are cards that are marked as the dealer can tell the high cards as he deals 'em out. I don't have to use readers. I'm just naturally lucky. So I let him on the chin for that crack. He was a little off balance, and fell back toward the open window. He reached for his pocket. They say he didn't have a gun, but that's the way I had to play it then. So I lit him again, and he tumbled out of the window.

I felt pretty sick about it. I never did like the guy, but I didn't mean to kill him. Maybe I had told him a couple of times I'd break his neck. But that was just talk, of course. I did break his neck, all right. But it was an accident. If it happened all over again, I guess I'd tag him just the same. Nobody can call Spade O'Farrell a cheat."

The judge took his seat on the bench. The jury began to file in. The foreman was smiling.

Jerry Crayne whispered jubilantly: "We're going to beat this case, Spade, without even mentioning the statute!" O'Farrell, his eyes on the jury, shuddered and shook his head.

"Right to the year's wrong," he murmured, without moving his lips.

"Hundreds?" Spade grunted.

"It's a lot," the lawyer whispered.

The bailiff, glaring at the counsel table, rapped sharply for silence. Spade turned and looked at Ruddy. She rubbed her fingers in her hair. Her lips said "Just for luck!"

O'Farrell hardly heard the mumble-jumble of the court. His eyes were on the other eleven men, not the smiling foreman, who rose. He began to speak, cheerfully.

"We, the jury, find the defendant, James Francis O'Farrell, guilty!"

There was a stir in the courtroom, a lead explosive sigh. The foreman passed. The bailiff rapped for order.

"Tough luck, kid!" Crayne retorted.

"What do you mean, tough?" demanded Spade O'Farrell, with a little chuckle. "You owe me five hundred!"

THE bailiff rapped again. There was dead silence. The foreman cleared his throat. He repeated:

"We, the jury, find the defendant, James Francis O'Farrell, guilty of the crime of—"

He passed like an actor about to give the "punch line." Spade kept his eyes off Ruddy. He didn't want to see her face. Under his breath he said:

"It's dead even I beat the nose!"

But Crayne was no longer in a wagging mood. He was staring at the jury foreman. He muttered. "That guy's a bum at heart—just like me. Come on, Master, give it."

The foreman said "Mankind!"

He looked as if he'd like to take a bow. Spade laughed.

"Whaddya tell you, Jerry?" he cried. "I'm still lucky!"

From the *Evening Star*:

James Francis (Spade) O'Farrell, who'll bet you that black is white and that two and two make seven—if he gets the right kind of odds—won the hundred pounds in General Sessions Court today, but he lost his freedom when a jury before Judge Harry T. Mahaffey found him guilty of manslaughter in connection with the slaying of Lanny Lancaster, another gambler of chance, in a hotel last month.

The gambler was from his

lawyer, Jerry Crayce, who had lied to such he'd be acquitted, and if you ask Spade O'Farrell, he coppered his lies with reverberator Thomas Cary, who had to be content with the lesser charge when he'd been grandly demanding the death penalty.

Spade will pay off his losing wager to the People with this to ten years in jail, while his lawyer will hold the five hundred pounds for a stake for his client when he gets out.

"And which one run that money into important dough when I do come out," said the gambler.

He recited Crayce's plan for an appeal from the conviction with the characteristic remark: "I've lost this round but I'll pay off in full. Besides, I never crowd my luck."

* * *

Detective Johnny Frederick halted as they walked through the gate at the railway station. Spade stopped too when the handkerchief jerked sharply at his wrist.

"Here comes your girl," said Frederick, with a grin. "Better rub that rabbit-door once more. You're gonna need some luck."

RUDDY put her arms about him. For the first time since the arrest, she broke. Spade took her hands awkwardly.

"Hey," he said. "Turn it off." He kissed the tears away.

"I'll be waiting," she said.

"It may be a long time," said Spade.

"I'll get you twenty you're back in two years," she said, with a catch in her throat.

"It's a sucker bet, but I'll take it," he grinned.

"This train won't wait, even for you," said Frederick.

Spade grinned. He kissed the girl again, grimly.

"Look, kid," he said, "if Mr. Right should come along—why, just blow out the light that's burning in the window and grab yourself a chunk of happiness."

For answer she lifted his manacled wrists. She closed the fingers of his right hand. She rubbed them into her rusty hair.

"For luck," she whispered.

There was a queer and unison-toned lamp in Detective Johnson Frederick's throat as he muttered. "You know, Spade, maybe you are a lucky guy, si that?"

THE girl with the rust-coloured hair blazed without a word as the tall young man with the serious grey eyes went on, quietly, but very seriously:

"I know there's nothing very romantic about me, Ruddy. I've never done anything or been anywhere. I've worked hard ever since I was a kid. I washed dishes to go to university. I never played half-back. In fact, I never played at all—and I met you."

She smiled at him gently. There was a solid, comfortable appeal to her. He wasn't smart, like Spade; he wasn't gay. But he was responsible, he was dependable. He wanted the things she'd thought the never would want—a steady job, a home, with a yard and a fence around it. He'd always be home to dinner. He wanted children.

"I've waited over a year to say this," he went on. "I wanted to be sure. I suppose I'm a pretty dull sort of guy. I don't make much money at the bank. I don't think I ever will, but I'll always have a job. Next year I'll be a better job and the next year still a little better. I'd want you to give up the beauty shop, of course. I guess Cary would give you a few hundred for your share. You could have that for your own spending money until I did better. Maybe you'd be bored with the kind of life I can offer you. Maybe you'd think about the old high-rolling days when it was fear or fortune, depending on how the ponies ran. I don't know. You'll have to make up your mind about that. Or maybe you feel it would be disloyal to marry somebody else, when he's in jail. All I can say to that is that I wouldn't think much of a man who'd hold a girl to a promise to wait for him through life to ten years of sentence for murder!"

"Misdaughter," she said.
"Don't think I'm condemning him."

said Harry Crampton. "He acted according to his code. It's just that it isn't my kind of code. And I don't think that deep down in your heart it's your kind, Ruddy. But you've got to make up your own mind. If you feel that you're bound by your promises—well, I'm not a gambling man, but I hope I can be a good lover!"

The girl said: "I'm not bound. Harry Spade wouldn't have been. Why, the very last thing he said was that if 'Mr. Right' should come along, he wanted me to grab myself a chunk of happiness."

Harry said very quietly: "Then I guess it comes right down to it, my dear. Either I'm Mr. Right—or I'm not. If I am, you'll marry me."

He touched her for the first time. He took her hand and looked into her eyes. They gave him his answer, and his lips, grateful, tremble, found hers . . .

Number X-30307 said without moving his lips: "All right, Spade. Once more. Odd or even?"

Spade said: "Even."

They looked down the long table. A convict began to stir his coffee. Number X-10307 glanced. The convict's number was X-7059. He snarled vigorously. Then another convict suddenly picked up his cup, gulped the steaming liquid. He was number X-4200.

Spade said: "That's thirteen hundred even."



"Shuttle bee shifty even?"

"You lucky dog!" said Number X-30307.

Casey held out an envelope as Ruddy and Harry entered the beauty shop.

She said: "It's from Jerry Crayne."

Ruddy took the envelope. Harry's lips tightened. There was a pleading look in his eyes. She kissed him quickly. Then she opened the envelope. She took out a strip five-pound note.

She read the enclosed note aloud.

"Dear Ruddy: Spade said to send you this. You win. He'll be paroled Saturday morning. The two years won't be up till Monday. Love and kisses, Jerry."

"Well?" asked the young man with the avaricious eyes.

"I'll go up with Jerry, of course," she said. "I owe him that much."

"And what will you say?" asked Harry Crampton.

"I say I've found Mr. Right," she answered.

GRAVELY the Warden said: "You have paid a part of your debt to society, O'Farrell, and you're getting a refund—but only conditionally. You've kept your nose clean here. That's why you're leaving. Keep it clean, and you won't be back."

"Thanks," said Spade; "and ten will get you fifty I won't be back."

"You're a pretty smart guy, O'Farrell," said the Warden. "I hope you don't get the idea that you're entirely too smart."

"Oh, I'm not so smart," Spade admitted. "I'm just lucky."

They were waiting for him outside, the lawyer and the girl with the rust-coloured hair. With his left arm Spade drew her to him with his right to shake Jerry Crayne's hand.

"Spade," the girl said, "I want to tell you—"

He stopped her with his lips. The lawyer coughed. He pulled out his wallet. He counted out four hundred and eighty-five. Spade handed them out. He smiled over them at Ruddy.

He said: "I've got sixteen hundred and forty coming from a little transaction inside. It won't be hard to collect. That gives us a nice little stake, honey. Or we can hop out to the races this afternoon and run it into a bankroll. And I do feel lucky. You call the tune."

She said, nervously: "But you're forgetting the terms of parole, Spade. No gambling."

"So I'll pick 'em, and you bet 'em!" he grinned. "I guess a guy can go to the races just to watch the horses run. That's not gambling!"

Crayne looked at the girl. He knew what was in her mind. She'd told him all about it on the way out. He knew the couldn't shorten that longest balloon of joy right now.

He said: "I guess he needs a little celebration, Ruddy."

"This is my lucky day," said Spade.

CRAYNE baited the big car in front of a roadside restaurant. They went in for sandwiches. A man in disguise was methodically feeding a slot machine. Spade, standing on the sandwich counter, milled over beside him. Ruddy tapped at his arm, but he shook his head. The man played his last coin and lost.

Spade dug into his pocket. His hand came out with three coins. He slipped one into the slot. Two cherries came up and three coins jingled out. He played them back. Then he nudged the next one in Ruddy's hair.

"For luck," he grinned.

He placed the coins, pulled the lever. The three bars settled into place. The machine disgorged. They overflowed on to the floor.

"Let's go," said Spade. "I start from here."

It was noon when Crayne dropped them off in front of the beauty shop. Spade stood with his arm around her and watched the lawyer lose himself in trifles.

"Now," he said, "you hop in and tell Crayne you're taking the afternoon off. We've got to see a guy in the Hotel Morris about three hundred and forty nests. Be back in twenty minutes."

She said: "I—I had a sort of date with—well—with Creep—and her boy friend."

"Bring 'em along," he said. "We'll show 'em how a high-roller rolls."

He kissed her and plunged into the crowd. She stared after him. He was of course, the same old Spade. He'd be the same till the day he died. His way wasn't her way any more; she wanted security and respectability. But he was gay and be was kind and today he was very, very happy. She could make this his day. Harry and Casey would simply have to help her.

She walked into the shop. Harry stood near the door. There was pain in his serious eyes. So he had seen Spade kiss her? She crossed to him and took his hand. She led him into the rear of the shop, to Crayne.

"Listen to me, both of you," she said. "I didn't tell him. I couldn't—today. He's entitled to have a little fun. He's feeling lucky—he wants to go. We'll go with him, this one day, and this one night. And when it's over—I'll tell him, I give you my word."

THE man in the red coat led the horses out onto the track. They pranced past the grandstand. Ruddy saw Spade wink his card. He looked up and grinned. He handed her two one-pound notes.

"Lay this with Spurgeon—Bottom Dollar—a place."

He smiled at her surprise.

"That's just to keep the franchise," he said. "Tin not betting until the third heat."

The bookie grinned as he accepted the bet from Ruddy.

When she returned Spade had an

affectionate arm around Casey. He worked at Harry Crampton.

"You're a lucky guy, Harry," he said. "You've capped off the second-best gal in the world."

"I think I've capped the best," said Harry, steadily.

"We ought to make this a double wedding," said Spade, coaxing Ruddy with his other arm. "Run the Matrimonial Stakes as an entry!"

Ruddy said quickly: "They're ready to go!"

The horses were away perfectly. Bottom Dollar, rated well off the pace, made a game bid in the stretch and barely missed. He paid eight to five for the place.

Spade gave Casey the winner of the second, but he didn't bet. She won nine pounds. At the paddock call for the third, the group followed him. He smiled as the horses paraded past. Back inside he handed Ruddy five hundred pounds.

"Gaspeng," he said, "on the nos-tits."

Harry laughed embarrassedly as he handed Ruddy a couple of notes.

"I'll take two pounds' worth of nuts."

Sad Spurgeon, the bookie: "Five hundred on Gaspeng" at twelve to one! That guy must be nuts."

Harry felt a queer and unaccustomed shiver as the horses left the post.

He said: "That's the first bet I ever made in my life!"

"Yeah!" said Spade. "Then you're a gone goose now, gal. This is a only-walk."

Gaspeng was third as they hit the far turn. He was second by half a length as they headed for home. He was in front by three lengths at the wire.

Harry found himself yelling like a wild man. His hat was a shapeless mass. His collar had burst open. There was a wild gleam in his eyes.

"I was twenty-four pounds!" he gasped.

Ruddy returned with her hands full of notes. She handed Spade sixty-five hundred and Harry twenty-six. Her face was wreathed in smiles. He severely placed the money in his wallet.

"Here's one guy that's going to quit ahead," he boasted. "Crampton retires from the turf!"

"Stick with me," said Spade. "And Casey'll wear silver fox on her night-gown."

"Casey?" asked Harry.

"Oh, sure. The second-best gal in the world!"

He gave Casey's arm a squeeze. Ruddy thought: He's a good sport. Her mind hung bravely on the word. She smiled, merrily, as she thought of his naive pride in winning twentydixer pounds and of his boast. All right, he wasn't that kind of sport and thank God for it!

Spade made ten-pound bets on the fourth and the fifth. Both won. He betted a long time over the sixth race.

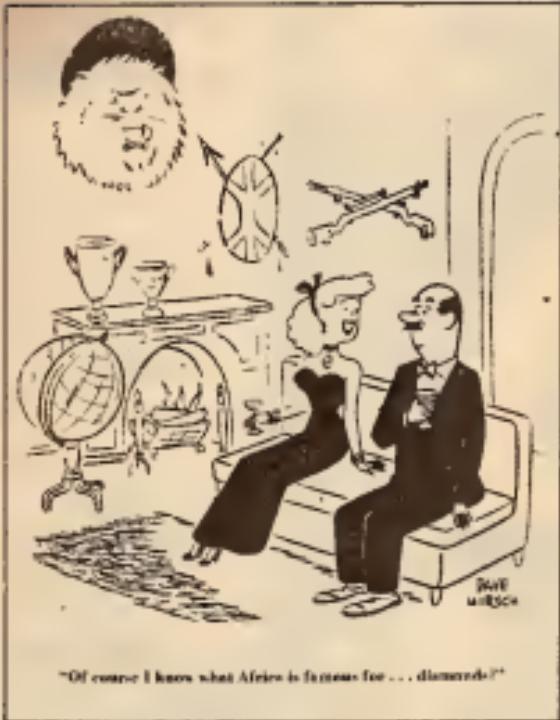


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"Of course I know what Africa is famous for . . . diamonds!"

He said: "I think this one is another you can't win 'em all. Spend ten on him, and I hope he loves."

The horse took the place, beaten off by a nose for a all. Spade heaved a big sigh.

"This is it," he said.

He handed Ruddy his wallet.

"The lot," he said, "on Scarlet Toot."

Spurgeon counted the bills carefully.

"Eight thousand two hundred and twelve," he said. "And it goes up to seven or five. Shall I give you your tax-free right now?"

"Save some for yourself," said Ruddy, as he took the tickets. "You couldn't beat Spade today with a crowbar."

Spade was reading the evening paper as the horses came out on the track. Harry's eyes were glued on that Number 5. His hands were trembling. Here was a race with over eight thousand pounds on that horse, and he was checking over the come-up section.

Ruddy said: "If I was a gambling woman, I'd like that red pony on the inside, Spade. He looks as if he's full of run."

Spade shrugged.

"He's a good colt," he admitted. "And maybe he'll forget to stop that last."

I don't think so. This one's a sitter too far—I hope," he added, with a grin.

It took a long time to get them away. The red colt, Firefly, was very fractious. The noseband starters were fighting him.

Spade said: "He's leaving his race at the post."

"They're off!" Harry shouted.

His hand gripped the rail until his knuckles were white. Firefly started badly but at the half he was winging. At the three-quarters he was a head in front. At the rifle it was a length and a half. Scarlet Toot hadn't got a call.

Ruddy thought: "It had to happen, sooner or later. He'll be down and out. And I've got to tell him."

The horses thundered toward the wire. She kept her eyes on that red colt, staggering now, but still holding on. A yell that was like a shrill went up from Harry.

"Here comes Scarlet Toot!"

The jock was hand-riding her. Her nose came up level with Firefly. Then the boy lifted her scrotum. The photo signal went up. But Ruddy didn't need to wait for the photo. She knew the mare had won.

Harry was slapping Spade on the back.

"You won!" he shouted. "You won, you lucky stiff, you won!"

In the shower Spade O'Farrell sang off-key, a badly-out-of-tune popular song, "This Is My Lucky Day." A large evening was ahead for himself and Ruddy and Casey and that boy friend of Casey's. Seemed like a nice guy. Well, Casey raised the best bid had his hat on.

He stepped into his room, rubbing his shoulders violently with the heavy towel. Detective Johnny Frederick was relaxing on his bed. He still had his hat on.

"Hello, Harry," Spade sang out.

Fredrick sat up, dropped his legs to the floor.

"Hello, sucker," said the detective. Spade unwrapped the package from Lewin. Silk shorts, fine French silk socks, linen shirts. The silk felt smooth and good against his lean flesh.

Fredrick said, quietly: "I have you twenty thousand at the track today."

"In that neighbourhood," said Spade.

"You must wants go back up there," said Johnny.

"Oh, that," said Spade, as he began to pull on his socks. "The parcels? No gambling? Who the hell was gambling? Can I help it if my gal takes a little flyin'?"

"I kind of like you, Spade," said Fredrick. "I'd have to have to ship you back. I wish you'd watch your step."

"I'll try to keep out of your clutchin'," Spade smiled.

"You got twenty thousand," said the detective. "That isn't any. Why the hell don't you get a job, marry Ruddy and give us all the horse-laugh?"

"You know, that listen kind of sensible to me" said Spade. "I've been thinking of doing something like that—oh say, Monday."

"Look," said Johnny, "you're gonna' out on the town. You're gonna' try to balloon that dough into important money. You're gonna' buck every game in town—and you're gonna' end up in that place again. Because somebody's gonna' catch you gamblin'!"

"Gamblin'?" said Spade. "Why, that's against the law!"

"That's the idea. I was tryin' to consey," said Fredrick. "Don't be a dope, Spade! You can't get away with it!"

"Why, Johnny, I didn't know you cared!" said Spade.

Fredrick took off his hat. He fingered it thoughtfully for a moment Spade, namely if randomly whistling. "This Is My Lucky Day," was admiring the cut of his new case. The detective put his hat on again. He walked out without another word.

"SEVEN, a good one," dozed the man in the tight-fitting dinner jacket.

He stacked notes and laid them against the pile on the fire in front of Spade O'Farrell. Spade rattled

Continued on page 59

THE ADVENTURES OF
DEVIL DOONE by R. Carson Gold.



TEST-FLYING HIS NEW AMPHIBIAN,
 DEVIL JIM DOONE PUTS THE BIG FLYING-
 BOAT NEATLY DOWN ON THE WATERS
 OF DARWIN HARBOUR . . .

SHE HANDLES LIKE A
 DREAM, DESERT-HEAD!

THIS
 EPISODE

"DEVIL AFLOAT"

ILLUSTRATED BY...

THEY ALL GO WHEN YOU FLY 'EM, DEVIL SAY—WHO'S THIS JOE BRADLEY MAJOR, HACKING IMMIGRATION AND CUSTOMS BLOCKER, HACK SAYS HE'S GOT A JOB FOR ULL—WELL, SOON SON?

IMMIGRATION AND CUSTOMS BLOCKER, HACK SAYS HE'S GOT A JOB FOR ULL—WELL, SOON SON?



A SHORT TIME LATER, IN AN OFFICE IN THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING . . .

—THAT'S IT, DEVIL! BRIEFLY, THIS BAD LOT WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE "BLACK SNAKE" IS HANGING IN JAPS TO WORK THE PEARL-BEADS — AND THE DARWIN GUYS DON'T LIKE IT. HOW ME HEARD OF THIS BLACK SNAKE? CHARACTER, JOE. WE'VE BEEN AFTER HIM FOR SOME TIME, NOW.



NO HAVE LOTS OF GUYS, DEVIL—TO THEIR LOSING, AS DEBRING THE IMMIGRATION LAWS, HE PIATES THE FEAKS-BEES FROM HIS WISDOM IN THE MAZE OF SMALL ISLANDS ROUND HERE, AND BELLS THE PROCEES DIRECT TO SHANNON. OTHER THAN THAT AND A FEW KNOWN MURKIES, HE'S AS TIED AS THE DRIVEN SNOW!



HE'S ROUGH, TOUGH AND AS NORN AS A MAN CAN GET— AND WE WANT HIM STOPPED!

—AM I COUNT IN, BOSS? I'VE BEEN TO GET MY BADGE SLIT, ANYWAY!



YOU SEE ME YAWNING, JOE? WHAT ABOUT IT, DESERT-HEAD?

LOOKS LIKE YOU'D HIRSED A CREW, JOE? WELL, SCOTCH YOUR SNAKE . . . SO WE TAKE THE AMPHIB?



HOT UNLIKELY THAT DAY SHIP'S REACH COULD CLEAR DAY TO SUNDAY, E. BIL.—ANTICIPATED YOUR DECISION, DEV, AND —



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AS THE SLEER PATROL-BOAT KNIFES THROUGH THE OPEN SEA —

SO IT'S A TWO-MAN NAVY WE ARE HAVING. BUT AN HOUR AGO, HAVE WE NOT OF RUNNIN' UP AGAIN OUR BRAVE FRIEND CUT HERE?



THREE AREA BLACK-SHADS,
MERRY HUNTING-GROUNDS.
DESERT-HEAD — AND THE
BOATS HE ROBBED CERTAINLY
RAN OF AGAINST HIM /

BEN, LOOK! I SAY!
SURE, LOOK! LIKE
A RAVEN DASHIN'
DID CUT THE
BUNCH,
DESERT-HEAD!



STRANG BUNDERLARS
BRING THE ROBBING
BOY INTO CLEAR
DETAIL ...



THEIR SCHAMBONE
FICARD THAT DESIRE
DESERT-HEAD? —
AND IT LOOKS LIKE HIS
HAD IT! LET'S GET
OVER THERE! /



SURE THEY DO DEV BUT THEY
WEREN'T PATROL-BOATS! IT'S MY
SUSPEX HELL RUN LIKE A QUILT...
DINGO IF HE SEES THIS
LITTLE TUE /

IT WOULDN'T DO HIM
MUCH GOOD, EITHER.
THIS CRAFT HAS GOT
ENOUGH KNOTS REMAINED
AWAY TO CUT CIRCLES
ROUND HIM /

HE'S ALIVE,
ANYWAY,
DEV?



THEY LOOKIN' LIKE HE'S
HAD RASHUP QUITE A TIME
GET HIM UNDERR THE
CANCY, DESERT-HEAD,
AND FOUR SCARS, YEAH
INTO HIM WHILE I
SECURE THE DINGY...

AS THE TWO MEN WORK ON HIM, THE
CASTAWAY REVENGES ...

SHADS, TELLERS —
YOU BETTER, HEIN?
THIS HOOCH'S GOT
A GOVERNMENT
TEEL ABOUT
IT! /



SIMPLE ENOUGH YEH! MY NAME'S DANNY BLUNT
AN' I'M A PEARLER—OR WAS UNTIL THE BLACK-SHADS
TOOK MY SHELL AND SCUTTLED MY LOGBOOK! HE HAD
ME A PUSHER-ON MY ISLAND.
BUT TWO NIGHTS AGO I SWAMPHED MY
PUSHER AND FURRIED OFF.
RESTAURANT MY PUSHER TURNED
INTO A BIG HAVE-TAKK
MY CRUZ — I BEEN DRIFTIN'
EVER SINCE ...



HMM-MAT! SAY, WHAT'S GOIN-HAPPY
NOW, MISTER? WE JUST SAW
AWAY FRIENDS OVER THERE BUT
THE BLACK-SHADS AND HIS
FRIENDS EAT US BAD — AN'
NOT NOTICE THE BOOMIS —?
WHO ARE
YOU GUYS?



TA'DEV DOODIE, DANNY, AND MY MATE VS
DESIDER-HEAD DASHON. AND WE WANT THE
BLACK-SHADS — AND REBUT HOW HARD
THROWIN' ON SHADY BLUNT TO
SHOW US HIS BMR-1 ISLAND.
WE'RE PACKIN' A MACHINE-GUN,
IF THAT HELPS —



AS NIGHT FALLS, THE PATROL-BOAT
WITH BLUNT AT THE WHEEL,
HEADS FOR THE THIRTY-EIGHT HOLEOUT-

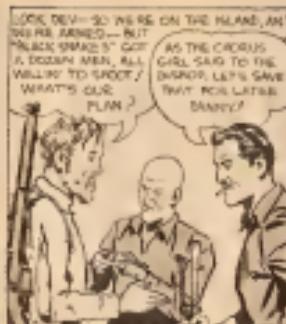
TEPPING ISLAND.
UH-HUH! THE
CLOUDS CALLED DED.
I WANT TO LAND
IT'S JUST ONE
OF DECADS OF
SIDE TO THURE,
LITTLE 'SUNS'



DANNY ...



FINE! YOUR
SHADS, DANNY,
AND WEAD FOR THE
BAK, DOOD, WHA'S
WE READY-UP
THE ARTILLERY!



YEAR—WHICH IS JUST NOWHERE, WILL KEEP 'EM TILL THEY'RE READY TO QUIT DANNY! KEEP IT UP!



HORSESHOE IN MY HAND

Continued from page 54

the dice in one hand. The other was around Ruddy's waist. Harry Crumpson didn't even notice. His eyes never left that pile of notes.

"We'll let it ride," Spade said.

He rubbed the dice solemnly against Ruddy's rusty head. He showed a four. He tossed a hundred on the table.

"Say the hard way," he said.

He threw a six, a nine, a five and then two deuces. He scooped in the pile of notes, then handed one to the man in the tight-fitting dinner jacket.

To Ruddy he said: "Let's go up to Jack's place. I think they'll take the lid off for the visiting firman."

The cab stopped at a stop in front of a modest brownstone front in the Fifties. Spade handed the driver a ten-pound note, waved him away. A man got out of a car and crossed to them as they approached the steps.

"I know you'd show here sooner or later," said the detective. "Go on home, Spade."

"Can't a guy see the lights?" asked Spade, innocently.

"Sorry," said Johnny Frederick.

"I'm just calling on some old friends," said Spade, starting to pass. The detective took hold of his arm.

"I'm not kidding," he said. "If you go in there, I'll knock the joint over—and pick you up.... Now beat it!"

"You must have been a beautiful baby," said Spade.

He flagged a crossing cab and loaded the others in.

He said to the driver: "The Hotel Wellington, and drive like mad."

The detective grunted.

"Look," he said, "do me a favor. Don't come back here, if you do, I'll know about it."

"I think you're wonderful," said Spade as he swung into the cab.

Ruddy said: "He's right, Spade. Don't crowd your luck. Somebody is liable to pick you up—let's call it an evening."

"Honey," he said, "I'm still rising. I've got thirty-eight thousand in my pants and I want to make it an even hundred. Are you with me or against me?"

"You know I'm with you, all the way," she said. "Bingo!"

"But make that Sammy Green's in Central Park West," he told the driver

* * *

"I don't know, Mr. O'Farrell; I'll have to ask Sissey," said the crookster.

He flagged a taxiboy, muttering something, and again sent the small ball whirling about the wheel. Spade put ten on the single zero. It came up. He took the stock of chips and shook his head as the ball was whirled again.

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a fine car!



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maintenance costs...ready resale
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balance and a fine car!



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IS THAT YOU, NINA?

Continued from page 28

You and the dare—and me! Get moving!"

With Nicky holding the automatic in his pocket, we went down, out a side door to a side street . . . and there was a cream Ford Customline. He made me drive. Yvesen, face white, sat alongside me. Nicky sat in the rear seat, curiously giving instructions. He reminded me, now and then, that the rod wasn't far from my skull.

It was about mid-afternoon as we left the city, and headed down the coast road. Twenty miles south, we turned off the main stem, eventually reaching a lonely beach shack. A power boat, on rollers, was drawn up on the beach by a winch-line from the shack.

Nicky made me carry two heavy steel rods, and chains, from the shack to the launch. The winch-line was released, the boat rolled down to the water. Under the threat of the automatic, I worked the engine. Nicky started.

We chugged through the low breakers. We were about a quarter of a mile off shore when I finally slipped the spanner on the launch floor close to my hand. I suddenly jolted the throttle down, hard. The launch surged forward, in a swirl that us-

"What the hell?" Nicky grunted, grabbing at the tiller, in the heat forced to one side.

I bent down, grabbed the spanner, turned and threw it—hard! The spanner hit Nicky in the temple. He reared as he reeled, flying wildly as he clung to the tiller. Sails whirled near.

"Quick, Yvesen . . . swim!"

I grabbed her wrists and almost pulled her over the side. She gasped, as we hit the water. "No . . . I can't swim!"

We came to the surface. In the distance, surving wildly and taking in water was the launch . . . and about ten feet away, floundering, was Nicky, still apparently stunned.

I gasped to Yvesen. "Take a deep breath, hold it—try to float!"

I let her go and swam quickly toward Nicky, hoping I'd reach him before the cold water revived his senses. Then my heart lightened as I realized something . . . Nicky couldn't swim, either. I reached out a hand, grabbed his hand from behind, held him a moment, and chopped him with a short right. He was sinking as I swam back toward Yvesen.

She sank. I dived, found her, struggled to the surface. She gulped air. We floated under the surface again. As we rose, I turned her around, and told her to keep as still as possible.

Then I swam! That's an understatement. We made the beach. Don't ever ask me how. I remember hopping on the sand, and closing my eyes. I opened them to see Yvesen.



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DIGEST OF DIGESTS

her white frock clinging to her black shell round an egg, staring at me.

Her lips brushed my mouth. Who was it that said something about French women? The guy was right!

We got to the car behind the which. "Where we go, Nissa? Nissa?"

"You can call me Roy, Yvonne. We're going to my flat. And from there I'll decide where we get to town."

It was just after dark when we reached my apartment. Under the door was my mail. I opened the letter from Bill Downey.

"Enclosed," the letter said, "is a photograph of Nina Spencer. The only distinguishing mark she seems to have is a slight scar on her left cheek just above the smile."

I glanced at the photograph—and nearly dropped it. It was not—repeat NOT—the photograph of the blonde I had visited the previous night.

How dumb can a guy be! Everything was falling into place. I hurried toward the phone and rang David C. Johnson. He and he would contact his friend, the Police Commissioner, whom he was certain would do all I asked.

I rang my secretary, who brought clothes stored for Yvonne. We changed. Two hours later we were at Poker Headquarters. Mr. Johnson came into the office.

"All right," the Commissioner said, "what's the story?"

"The blonde here," I began, "wasn't Nina Spencer . . . she's Linda Blake, the supposedly drowned heiress. She was heavily in debt to Luke Taliento through gambling, but she had nine years to wait before she could collect her inheritance. She became en-

gaged to Marlowe and made a will in his favour.

"A girl about her size was brought to town the girl Nina Spencer. She was chosen for the part because she was much the same build as Linda Blake . . . and looked much the same."

"Because of her build, and her appearance, she was picked to be married. She went boating with Taliento, and she died. Her face was knocked sheet, and her body dressed in Linda's clothes and a wrist-watch Marlowe had given Linda was put on Nina's wrist. So the body was identified as the body of Linda Blake, the heiress.

"When I asked questions about Nina Spencer, Luke tried to find me off by having Linda pose as Nina. The wrist for it all was a quarter of a million pounds, divided three ways, with Linda leaving the country . . ."

I paused . . . the Commissioner nodded to the police officers. Luke went so pronto, but in a moment or two, he, with Marlowe and Linda were out of the office propelled by strong hands.

In the next days "Cloris" Wally Kent had a piece about Nina. He recalled that the name "Nina" was said to mean "Goddess of the Sea."

As for me . . . I set the details to Bill Downey. When the migration authorities told Yvonne she had overstayed her permit to remain in the country, I pulled a few strings, here and there. We got a special license, and I married her two days later.

What else could I do?

THE END

A DEAD MAN SAVED HIS LIFE

Continued from page 47

creaked below, pulling the trapdoor shut behind them.

Thinking it might be the police and he was saved, Eddie Cappa leapt up from the blood-sodden bed. A light had appeared again below. He fell down beside the first trap-door and put his eye to the crack.

He saw immediately they were not police. They were a pair of roughly dressed mountain men, just as vicious looking as the old killer himself. They wanted liquor. The cabin was a backwoods gin house. The old man produced bottles of moonshine and money changed hands. Businessmen and tourists the customers wanted to drink in the cabin with the old couple.

Both the man and the woman (she had risen from her bed in the corner) encouraged them to drink and spend their money. They finally sat down with them at a game of cards,

The Negro took no part in the game, but curled up on the floor and went to sleep.

Cappa could see that the table at which they sat was directly under the spot where the second trap-door should be. There was no ladder to it. He was the one at which he was spying. Apparently they put some steps on the table to get to it.

Their assumption that he was dead set Cappa thinking. He crawled over to the other trap-door, praying that they had not bolted it when they descended. He inserted the blade of a penknife at the edge and levered it loose — so that the plate that was slowly formalizing in his mind was possible.

His fear had left him. Quietly he put on his boom. As he did so, a new idea hit him, prompted by the fear of the Negro at touching the dead body in the bed. He would make his getaway but in the role of a ghost.

The bloodstained sheet that he had already sheltered under made do as a shroud. Looking round, he spied a woman's old white hat in a corner. He grabbed it and thrust it on his head.

A last peep through the crack

Showed the card game still in progress Cappy went to the other trapdoor and with infinite care raised it慢慢地. He pushed it right open. Not a minute before gave a sign of realising what he'd done.

Pistol in hand, Cappy stood poised above. Then he scratched an outline of a ghastly wail and dropped straight through one to the table. The quartz round it was only the white specks above them before he kicked the lamp flying.

Cappy, warned bring his gun. Amid screams of fear he saw two chairs go toppling over backwards as their occupants frantically tried to avoid the spectre. A cubicle bound took him to the floor and he headed for the door. A moment later he was through it and sprawling wildly for the stable. He did not look round, but his haste was not really necessary, as no attempt was made to follow him.

He had his hands out before he got to the stable. A dash out the fluster of his mare, Sally, who seemed just in eager to leave in her master;

Cappy mounted on her bare back. She bounded out the open door as though jet propelled. As they were past the stable, the unknown had his gun ready, but he did not need it. Still in his flowing sheet, he would have struck terror into the superstitious hillbillies.

The man continued his gallop for more than a mile before Cappy let her slow down to a trot. Dawn was near, and with it came a clear, thin day. Sunlight made the events of the night seem far away. Cappy rode up to a boy he spied in a field for directions.

The sight of him, however, was too much. It set the boy running for his hide towards his home, screaming for help. Cappy calmed him and removed the sheet. He folded it up for use as a saddle, and rode on until he came up to a farmhand soon after. He was given directions to Barbourville, which lay about seven miles along the track.

At the Sheriff's office there he told his story. At first the officer was incredulous, but he changed his mind on viewing the bloodstained sheet. A posse was collected immediately to ride out to the log cabin.

Within a week, towards the end of May, 1897, the man and woman, Mr. and Mrs. Elton Bowes, and Charlie Cunningham, the Negro, were on trial for the murder of Gus Lake. All were found guilty. Cunningham was sentenced to death and was duly hanged. The elderly couple got off with life sentences and died in prison.

Buddy Cappy went back to his run, after surviving an ordeal the horror of which few men have ever met. He had played with death in one of the most hair-raising and spine-chilling murder squalls on record. It did not come off; but it was a long time before Cappy again took a short cut at night through the hillbilly country.

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MURDER OF A DANCER

Continued from page 5

He closed the door and I immediately turned to the leads. They were all out of town. I shrugged wearily, in no mood to travel even out of the office as the evening was over. But it had to be done. Dahl's leads indicated I had a lot of ground to cover in Washington itself, including the Staker and Franklin Park, a few restaurants, Tropicana Cafe, Moralee; and several people with whom Harger might be staying.

It wasn't a simple matter of checking at the hotels by phone—because he might have signed registers under an assumed name, especially as he was a well-known figure. I'd have to speak to desk clerks, waiters, bartenders—and any others who might recognize him from a description. It's surprising how little most of these cases vary, and how much rougher it is to get lost than anyone imagines. A man is a creature of habit. Ask the right questions about him and he almost tracks himself down.

I made a dozen calls. I notified my missing persons contacts that I was interested in any information on fresh "stiffs." They got that information daily from the various hospital morgues. I didn't tell them whom I was after. My client had been explicit about no publicity.

When information was not forthcoming from these sources, I packed a bag and caught a train to Washington, D.C. It wasn't tough to follow up Harger; as a matter of fact, it was too easy, because the strikingly beautiful Charlotte Maye, apparently always in his company, was remembered by everybody.

I jotted down a few details. The keepers and Harger wasn't much of a dresser. The hotel clerks were consistent in the comment that Harger and Maye had separate suits. All that day and night I ran down leads with the same results: dead ends. I didn't know if Dahl wanted me to stick around Washington, but I took it upon myself to head back to the city.

I returned on the morning of the 23rd. One of my missing persons contacts called me almost at once. A Sherman in a seacock had found a male torso wrapped and tied in a white sheet floating 300 feet off Breezy Point, on Long Island's South Shore. The head, arms and legs had been crudely removed. Peered for outstanding features or distinctive marks, my contact concentrated on the exceptional grace and masculinity of the torso. That struck home with me. It sounded the kind of development a dancer might have.

"Any dancers?" was my next question.

"None—but we've got 30 or 30 more people coming up for identification. Someone came in here this morning who might see this one up

though—" and he mentioned the name of Charlotte Maye! She, is the company of an officer, had reported Solon Harger missing, and had been sent over to try to identify the torso at the morgue of the Queens County Hospital. Joining them later, according to my informant, was a certain Walter Dahl.

That puzzled me. Why had Charlotte Maye reported Harger missing to the authorities when Dahl had insisted that publicity was to be avoided? I shrugged. It meant the end of my case. With the extensive, nation-wide missing-persons machinery in motion, whether the torso was Harger's or not, I was clearly dispensable. I waited for a call from Dahl. It didn't come that day.

I checked my missing persons contacts later and was told that Dahl had definitely established that the torso was not that of the missing dancer. I hung up and pondered that one. Where did Dahl come off to make the positive identification? What he had told me was that he was close to Charlotte Maye and didn't know Harger personally.

There was no word from Dahl the next day, either. I figured he had enough cash to shell out for my services, despite the fact that the police were on the case . . . So I picked up where I left off. The hospitals yielded nothing. But my missing persons contact did. "Al," he said, "the policemen handling that Harger folder stamped it 'closed.'"

Then really there are. It seemed that Harger's exotic dancing partner had received a telegram from him that morning stating he was out of town and well, and was starting a new life for himself.

That was the 23rd. When I got no word from Dahl on the 24th, I called him. I laid bare of my Washington plan, and asked what the score was. He gave, instead — some Chicago leads!

I managed to take them down without giving away my location. It was some kind of wild-goose chase he was sending me on—but why? My instant suspicion was that Charlotte Maye and Dahl were interested in each other, and had combined forces to eliminate Solon Harger, the third side of the triangle. If I was somehow being used, I intended to find it out.

I had the beautiful dancer's address. Her apartment was in the same building as Harger's, on West 46th Street. I wouldn't wait her as a detective, because I'd never find out anything if I did. One of my best givernicks was posing as a lingerie salesman. I'd buy up a small amount of fine lingerie which I would sell at a ridiculous price. It rarely failed to get results.

The building was a five-story brown-stone with Tudor shapes on the first two floors. The instant I looked at the door bells my suspicion of some disunity was confirmed. Harger's name plate showed he had a

room-mate. And the second name was—Dahl.

Before I went up to Charlotte Maye's apartment with my fugitive wife, I dropped into the tailor's. I told them I was in search of Harper's dress out of town and was looking for him. He didn't seem to be in his apartment. Did they know his whereabouts? One of the tailors suggested I check with his "beautiful" room-mate, as he referred to Dahl. He also advised that I kill my nephew when I saw him that Dahl had brought down a new suit, which Harper prettily had had made for himself, and ordered the same suit to fit him. The tailor had refused to fill the order without an O.K. from Harper.

To me that chance bit of information held a serious implication.

Charlotte Maye's apartment was on the fourth floor. I noticed the name Tubbing on her nameplate as well. A dark, shapely blonde in a semi-house dress answered my ring. This, then, was Harper's dining partner. She appeared somewhat troubled, but she was friendly and exhibited interest in the lingerie I showed her. She and she and her husband were expecting to take a trip and she could use a few items.

I was invited inside and I met her husband, Willises Tubbing, a youthful, sensible Army Captain, on furlough. He helped her choose from my selection. Now I knew who the Army officer was that my contact had mentioned. Several studio photographs of Harper and Maye on the model gave me an opening to talk about the missing man.

"Isn't that the missing dancer I read about in the paper?" I asked. A Broadway columnist had already proclaimed the disappearance and it was common knowledge. She nodded. "That's what's keeping us from going to see my husband's folks in Mississippi."

"I think we ought to go anyway," her husband said, excluding me from the conversation. "That telegram goes as far as I'm concerned."

"I can't help feeling that something's wrong, Bill," she said. "The way he left that morning at 3:00 a.m. . . . it was all so strange . . ."

I said I had a son in the army and sympathized with them. I told them to forget everything and make the most of the time they had. They took me into their confidence and before long were giving me an account of that Sunday night, August 19th. The Tubbings were going a small party. During the evening, Dahl came downstairs and remained a short time, saying that Harper was not feeling well. He returned upstairs to his apartment which was directly overhead, at sheet 10-30.

Right after that the Tubbings and their friends heard curious stamping, clinking, popping sounds above them. They discounted the sounds as the playful rough-housing of Harper and Dahl. But that was not the end of it. For after the party had broken up hours



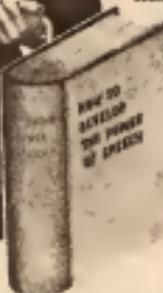
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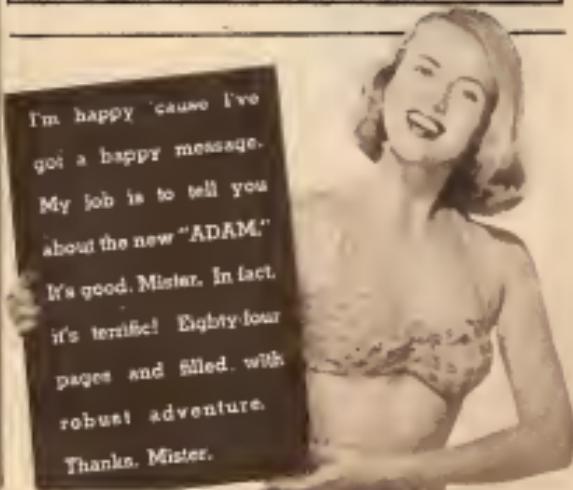
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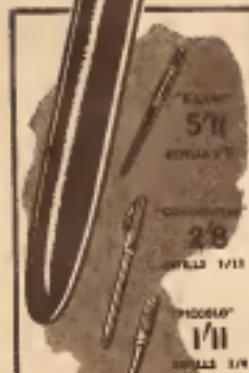
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later, the Tibesings heard a persistent hammering and the splashing of water. They called spouses and Dahl said he was fixing something. Then at 3 o'clock, the sounds of heavy steps were heard descending the stairs. In the morning Walter Dahl informed the Tibesings he had seen Harger off at the railroad station.

Even while they talked I had as insight into what had happened in that apartment. I kept seeing the torso fished up at Brucy Point as the words "translating and splashing water," repeated themselves with a grim meaning.

As soon as I left the Tibesings I communicated my information to the authorities but was informed with emphasis that the case was closed. The impression was, I think, that I was merely a publicity-seeking private investigator.

That was on the 25th day of August and I was still retained by Walter Dahl. On the 26th, still making my rounds, talking to people who knew Dahl and Harger, another fact of the relationship of these two men came to light. Everyone seemed at any possible romantic attachment of either Dahl or Harger for Charlotte Maye Tibesing. Both men were attractive to women but unresponsive.

There was evidence of jealousy between the two men, which often flared into violent outbreaks of temper. It was just such an outburst, I believed, that had resulted in a brutal murder in the apartment above the Tibesings that night of August 19th. It all fitted together so perfectly now.

Then on the 28th I received a call from Dahl. His voice betrayed no anger or sign of shaken emotion. "I have received a letter from Harger explaining everything," he said, "and I won't require your services any longer." He would settle our account, he assured me. That was all.

"A letter . . ." I murmured to myself. That was too much. I wanted to look at that letter.

I made my way to the brownstone on West 46th Street, and determining that Dahl was out, I let myself into his apartment with a posse. I searched high and low, but could find no sign of a letter. I looked around to see if I could unearth any incriminating evidence. There was nothing unusual about the place, except perhaps for the unconscionably oversized bath. But when I entered the bathroom and noticed that a hurried, sloppy coat of fresh paint had been slapped on the wall behind the bathtub—that clinched it for me.

When I consulted the authorities again, I took a visit to another division. I remembered my missing person contact had told me the torso found was wrapped in a sheet. Could it possibly have been an unmade sheet off an unconscionably large bed? A phone call verified it.

On August 29th, the police reopened the case. I made myself available to the district attorney and was

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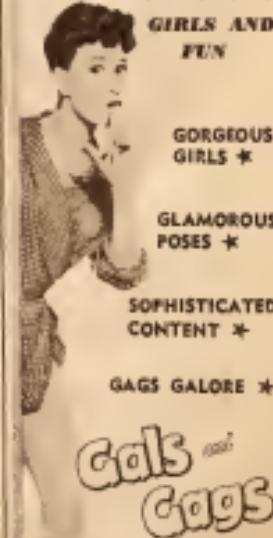
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held in reserve as a surprise witness against Walter Dahl, while the mass of circumstantial evidence was often tighter and tighter about his neck.

Detectives were on Dahl's trail constantly now watching his every move. On Friday, October 5th, they closed in. He had withdrawn money from his account and was making preparations for sudden flight.

Dahl was taken to District Attorney Crowley's office where he confessed to the second crime, describing the gory details.

"I came home that night and we quarreled. There was a struggle. I kicked him in the stomach. He pulled up my laptrap and came at me."

"I locked him again, stunning him. Then I hit him with a hammer and dragged him into the bathroom. I was so scared that I swung the hammer, maybe two or three times more. It was soon plain that he was dead. I was more frightened than ever. I put his body into the tub. Then I disconnected it."

On October 16th, 1945, Walter Dahl was indicted for murder in the first degree. But seven months later, he was permitted to enter a plea of guilty to first degree manslaughter.

When he finally appeared for sentencing in the Municipal Court of General Sessions on May 16th, 1946, Walter H. Dahl was a sick and broken young man. Chikens had infested the joints in his lower extremities and he could stand only supported by crutches. Judge George L. Deaneville sentenced him to Sing Sing Penitentiary for a term of from 10 to twenty years. It was hard to believe that the thin, sickly, gaunt-faced fellow was the tanned, handsome, self-assured young man who had stridden into my office that sultry August day. But that's what murder can do to you.

THE END



QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Arthur Dwyer. He died in 1933.
2. Gutten Nelson, of Denmark. Both Fred Dwyer, of U.S.A., created.
3. (1) Five whiskets. (2) Australian Oval, (3) R.D., (4) J.W., (5) P.M., (6) Lyons and Appleby, (7) Appleby, six whiskets at an average of \$1.00, twelve whiskets at an average of \$1.00 million, four whiskets at an average of \$1.00. (8) Lee Meddicks, of Australia. (9) Mistletoe, (10) (11) Four, (12) They each test three catches. (4) Lionel Cox, (5) Jim Marshall, (6) Jim Goffin, (7) Murray Ross. Record previously held by Gary Chapman, of Adelaide, S.A. Roosevelt. He beat Leon Head Karpf Processor. He beat Thelma Long.

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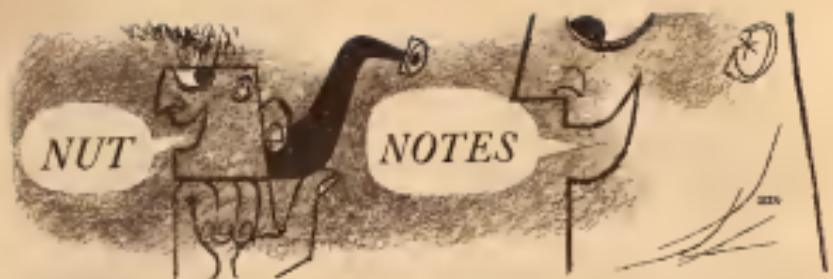
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NUT

NOTES

An explorer was telling us of his hunting experiences up in the New Guinea jungle.

"Ammunition, food and whisky had run out," he told the rapt audience, "and we were all perched with thirst."

"But won't there any water?" someone asked.

"Sure," our rugged friend croaked back, "but it was no time to be thinking of cleanliness."

So he knew her.

"Brother!" she whispered.

There can be no argument about it all, chaps, the stork is the bird with the biggest bill. I was reminded of this when I met an old cobber, "George" I exclaimed when he shook hands. "You've changed!"

"Trying to keep you?" said Gurnet.

"Trying to keep young?"

"Yes," was the gloomy response.
"one of them."

That's like the bloke who married the widow who told him she had four little ones up in the cotterly. He didn't know that they were only playing up there.

Macharia

I've been marvelling at the stamina of a friend of mine who for weeks has been hoisting of the 36 holes he plays before breakfast every day. I found out that the holes were in his harmonica.

Just a tip about bald-headed barbers who try to sell you hair restorer, chaps, One tried to give me the treatment the other day. Taking one look at his billiard-ball cranium I thought I had the answer to the way out.

"That's ridiculous," I told him. "If it was any good you'd have had yourself."

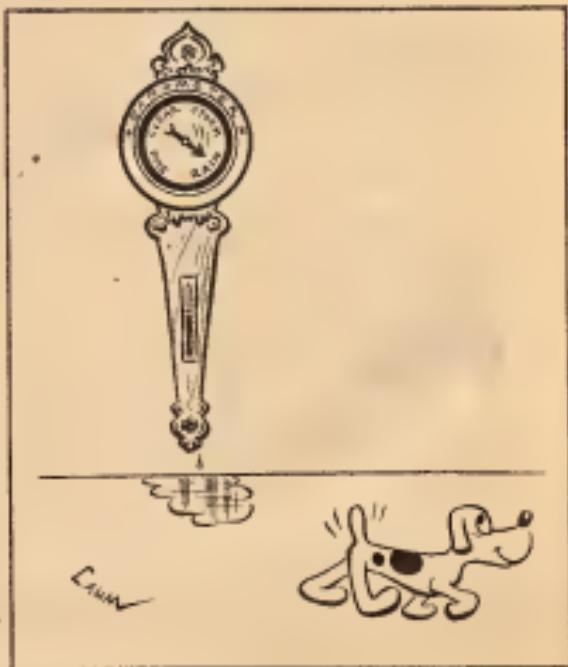
"Nothing wrong with that," comes the answer. "I know a guy who sells bracelets."

Perry-law cashed his life insurance policy the other day and took out a fire policy. He knows where he's going.

A certain passenger was handed back a plate of fish it had served a customer. On the plate was the meaningful note—"Lost time no sea."

The only thing harder than a diamond is making the payments on it.

Sweet young thing: "If you kiss me,
I'll call one of my family."



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